

LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



SLIDE the Skids under Old Man Dependency. In other words, buy a copy of the New York Number of Judge, dated August 12.

You will find nothing from the sepulchre in the twenty-four pages of this Number.



It will have the step-lively atmosphere of New York from cover to cover.



The rattle of the Elevated Railway, the crush of the Subway, the flash of the White Lights of Broadway, dignified old Fifth Avenue, even the Bowery and Coney Island will all come in for a laugh.



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225 Fifth Ave., New York

Enclosed find \$5.00 for a year's subscription to Judge (52 issues) beginning with the New York Number, August 12,

or
Enclosed please find 10 cents for a copy of the New York Number of Judge.

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(Cross out offer not desired.)

The Editor's Desk

The face of the Muir Glacier in Alaska rises from 700 to 1,000 feet from the water, a sheer wall of solid ice. To convey to the mind an adequate expression of such grandeur and the tremendous height, it is necessary to introduce into a picture some object of familiar dimensions as a scale for estimating.

The enterprising art editor of a well-known periodical, in an endeavor to give the unsuspecting readers such a basis for comparison, at one time introduced a steamship into the photograph and located it at the foot of the glacier. The composite picture was immediately challenged by those who knew the locality. While the device was well meant, the magazine lost prestige.

The trick of altering or manipulating photographs to make them effective, is called faking. Faking is almost universal in newspaper offices; some of it is innocently done, some with a deliberate purpose to mislead. But such practices are prohibited in the Art Department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and LESLIE readers who are getting all the news in pictures, may rely absolutely upon its photographic records as true and actual. They are dependable. IF YOU SEE IT IN A LESLIE PHOTOGRAPH, IT IS SO.

Premium Circulation

There is a class of magazine readers that buys a copy of one issue and skips an issue or two. Every circulation manager makes a special effort to induce this class of readers to subscribe regularly.

Every magazine uses one of two well-known methods for securing this transient class of subscribers: clubbing with other publications or offering premiums.

The premium circulation is of most value to the advertiser. He gets the undivided attention of his audience, which is not the case in a club circulation. This is especially true when the premium offered appeals to the same class of readers as the publication appeals to.

Leslie's Weekly has successfully reached this transient class, transferring them to the permanent class by offering select books that appeal only to an intelligent class of readers—the kind that reads Leslie's. That they do read Leslie's is apparent by the amount of correspondence with the editors and the large number of replies received by the advertisers.

Circulation Guaranteed 330,000 Copies an Issue. \$1.25 a Line

ALLAN C. HOFFMAN, Advertising Manager



Leslie's
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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smokes it"

Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

"In God We Trust."

CXIII. Thursday, August 3, 1911 No. 2917

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Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce credentials.

TO ADVERTISERS:—Our circulation books are open for your inspection.

TERMS: Ten cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa. Foreign postage, \$1.50 extra. Twelve cents per copy, \$6.00 per year, to Canadian subscribers. Subscriptions are payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal money order.

BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1910, 20 cents; 1909, 30 cents, etc.

Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always. The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just cause for complaint. If LESLIE'S cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers would be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported. Senders of photographs or letterpress must always include return postage. We receive such material only on condition that we shall not be held responsible for loss or injury while in our hands or in transit.

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Some of Next Week's Features



Dated August 10, 1911

SAVING THIRTY THOUSAND ELK IN WYOMING—The marvelous story of the most gigantic round-up of wild game ever attempted. The vast herds of elk which winter in Jackson Hole, Wyo., will be moved to better feeding grounds to save them from starvation. This article will be fully illustrated by a series of striking photographs.

HOW AMERICA'S FIRST AIR WOMAN LEARNED TO FLY. Miss Harriet Quimby, LESLIE'S dramatic editor, is the first woman in the world to manipulate successfully a monoplane. Her remarkable prowess in the air has astonished all aviation experts. She is telling the secret of her success with the flying machine exclusively in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The third paper of her series will appear in this issue. Miss Quimby, so far, has broken all records for women aviators and her stories are full of thrilling adventure.

ROBERT D. HEINTZ, LESLIE'S well-known Washington correspondent, will tell the interesting story of the closing days of the extra session of Congress. Mr. Heintz's department is the most readable Washington news published in any weekly periodical. Do not fail to read every word of his breezy articles.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



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There are many flavors for Ice Cream, but Rich, Creamy Milk is always the Important Ingredient. To have it Smooth, Rich and Delightfully Flavored, use

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Just out.
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Low priced. Agents aroused. Sales easy. Every home needs tools. Here are 15 tools in one. Essex Co., N. Y. agent sold 100 first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 50 to fellow workmen. Big snap to hustlers. Just write a postal—say: Give me special confidential terms. Ten-inch sample free if you mean business. THOMAS MFG. CO., 5814 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

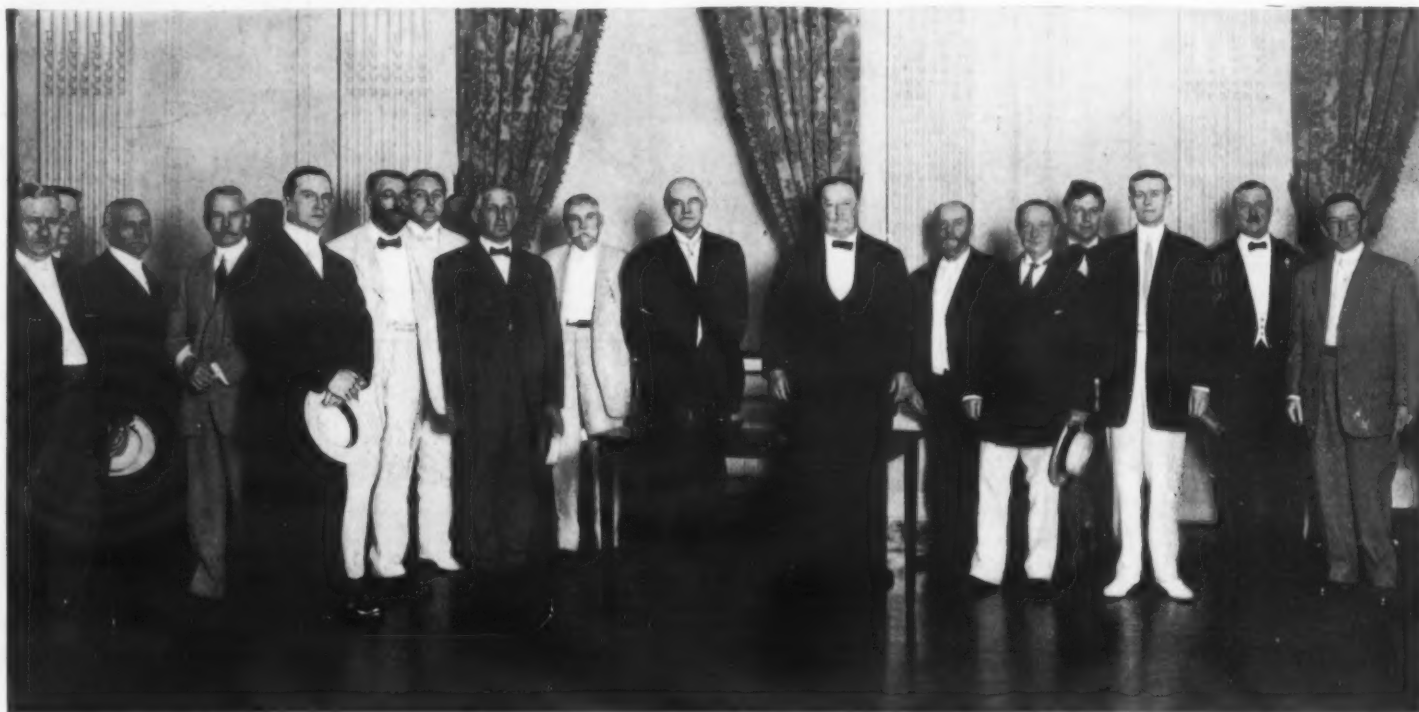
Of Interest to the Readers of Leslie's Weekly

Starting with our issue of September 7th, 1911, LESLIE'S WEEKLY will organize a special Classified Service to fill a long-felt want among its subscribers.

Exceptional opportunities are afforded you and all of the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to sell or exchange, through this Classified Service, Real Estate, Used Automobiles, Farm Implements, etc., etc. Over 345,000 alert, progressive and wide-awake readers await your appeal. You cannot let the opportunity pass if you have anything for sale or exchange.

Your advertising will be placed "next to reading." Write for rates and complete information. Use the coupon below.

----- COUPON -----
Manager Classified Service,
Leslie's Weekly,
225 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Send me complete information regarding Classified Service.
Name.....
Address.....



PRESIDENT TAFT PRESSING THE KEY THAT STARTED THE SAN DIEGO (CAL.) EXPOSITION.

PHOTO HARRIS & Ewing

In the East Room of the White House, in the presence of a number of distinguished witnesses, the President touched the button which "broke out," 3,000 miles away across the continent in San Diego, a huge flag modeled after the President's own flag. This inaugurated the ceremony of breaking ground for the Panama-California Exposition. From left to right: William A. Cullop, second Indiana district; G. Grosvenor Dawe, managing director, Southern Commercial Congress; Charles C. Bowman, eleventh Pennsylvania; Edwin F. Sweet, fifth Michigan; J. W. Collier, eighth Mississippi; J. R. Knowland, third California; E. A. Hayes, fifth California; J. T. Heflin, fifth Alabama; J. Shepherd, William D. Stephens, seventh California; William H. Andrews, New Mexico; Senator John D. Works, California; the President; Senator George C. Perkins, California; Senator F. G. Newlands, Nevada; Colonel D. C. Collier, director-general of the Panama-California Exposition; Ira W. Wood, New Jersey; Major Butt, C. E. Dawson.

EDITORIAL

The New Leadership of Taft.

PRESIDENT TAFT has achieved a purpose for which he stood with commendable firmness, after he had reached a conclusion that in his mind justified it. The victory for reciprocity is his. It is not his party's and he says so frankly, for more Republicans were against it than were in favor of it. The President has broken partisan lines on a great economic question. His party platform did not call for reciprocity nor did the President make it a party question. He did not believe that reciprocity would endanger the protective principle. He did believe that the temper of the people favored a modification of the tariff and he did not deny that his reciprocity agreement committed him to that side.

President Taft has put reciprocity to the test. If it should fail, the responsibility will be his. If it should tear down the protective tariff wall and strengthen the free traders next year in their campaign to undermine American industries, the responsibility will not belong to the Republican party, but to the President whom that party elected. We sincerely trust that the experiment of reciprocity will prove to be all that Mr. Taft hopes for. He does not expect that it will reduce the cost of the necessities of life and says so plainly. He does believe that it will expand our trade both in farm and manufactured products. His arguments in this direction have appealed to us so strongly that we have been inclined to favor his experiment.

It is a new thing to have a Republican President do what Mr. Taft has done—that is, take action independent of his party's platform and independent of his party's leaders in Congress. It is a new thing for a Republican President to thank Democratic congressmen for their support. It took a strong moving impulse to lead Mr. Taft to appeal to the Democrats for help. It was only justified by his belief that his course had the sanction of public opinion. Reaching that conclusion, he proceeded to act. He must be given credit not only for the initiative, but for the courage behind it which eventuated in its success.

Nor should it be forgotten that the President of a party, according to all precedents, must be accepted as the party's leader. Mr. Taft has not separated himself from Republican advisers. He asked his party to follow his lead, regardless of the division among its representatives. To the insurgents and the standpatters he made the same appeal. He placed the insurgents, who had been denouncing his views on the tariff, in the most uncomfortable position when he took a forward

step for freer trade between the United States and Canada. Nothing that has happened, since the insurgents have developed as a semi-cohesive force in politics, has discredited and disorganized them more than the action of the President in demanding and securing a free-trade agreement with Canada.

Whatever may be thought of Canadian reciprocity, every good citizen must give credit to the President for having achieved at least one great forward step. He has broken partisan lines on an economic issue. This marks a new era. It bodes well for the good of the nation if it marks the breaking of partisan lines on all non-partisan questions. The President has indicated recently that there are three such questions on which all good citizens should agree—reciprocity, reform of our banking system, to prevent the recurrence of financial panics, and international peace.

No one can close his eyes to the fact that the public is slowly but surely reaching the conclusion that there has been too much politics in the discussion of matters with which politics should have nothing to do. Perhaps the President has been farsighted enough to realize this and to attempt to lead not only his party, but thoughtful men of all parties to a more thoughtful consideration of questions affecting the public welfare. We hope this may prove to be the case. We are inclined to believe that it will. We know that it will if, following his firm and unyielding stand in favor of an extension of trade with Canada, he will take an equally firm and unyielding stand against those who seem determined to undermine our industries and to destroy the vitality of our wonderful and commendable railway systems.

The next annual message of President Taft will be a document of profoundest interest to the American people. It will come on the eve of the presidential election, which will be fiercely fought from the outset to the finish. This message may mark the returning tide of prosperity. If it does, nothing can prevent the renomination of President Taft. Not all the forces of the opposition can possibly defeat him, for Taft will be the candidate and Prosperity the platform.

Sackcloth and Ashes.

THOSE who voted against Mr. Stimson, the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York last fall, because they thought he was Colonel Roosevelt's candidate, have paid a pretty big price for the gratification of their pique. After the longest session on record but one, the Democratic Legislature has taken a recess—not an adjournment—until September, when it will probably make the record session in length. Such a wild political saturnalia as the Democratic party has had in New York since the first of January has never been equaled in any commonwealth. Every office filled by a Republican was turned upside down. Perhaps no one ought to complain of this,

because the Republican party, when in power, has been equally guilty in appropriating public places. It must be said, however, that it has done this more decently and with less of the "ripper" methods than the Democracy has employed.

Governor Dix, who entered upon his duties as a business man's Governor, has undoubtedly tried to do his best and in some of his vetoes and recommendations he has shown that business sense, judgment and independence which had been credited to him before his election. But, after all, it has not been denied that the controlling hand has been that of the Tammany boss, Mr. Murphy. The wide-awake, experienced and observant Albany correspondent of the Democratic New York World, in his review of the Legislature's work, clearly points out that Mr. Murphy attained his three great objects, namely, the selection of a United States Senator, the control of the election machinery of the entire State and the control of the immense canal, highway and water conservation contracts, upon which countless millions are to be expended. Mr. Murphy's intimate relations with some of the largest contractors on public works need not be established.

The State will have to foot the bill, the taxpayers will have to meet the burden. There is no escape from it as conditions now are, but the close of the session marks the end of the disgraceful orgy, for the people, if their votes are honestly counted, will see to it that the next State assembly is promptly taken out of the hands of the Democratic party. Governor Dix will still have a Democratic senate behind him, but, with the election of a Republican assembly, no more vicious legislation can be passed without the concurrence of trading Republicans, and the recent session disclosed that a few of these are still left.

Playing upon the Passions.

THE YELLOWEST of yellow journals of New York City discusses reciprocity and protection in characteristic fashion. Pleading the cause of farm against factory, it cites as a national calamity the fact that the manufacturing center of the country, which in 1880 was in western Pennsylvania, has moved westward, until, at the end of three decades of our unexampled prosperity, it is in central Indiana. This gifted editor appears to have a grievance because it moved West instead of moving out into the Atlantic. "As manufacturing advanced," he further argues, "cities grew and farms were blotted out. Take New England: From 1880 to 1890—later statistics are not available—in New England 25,300 factories came into being and 15,344 farms went out of being. It might almost be said that every other factory chimney, pointing skyward, pierced the heart of a farm." This is terrible! But between our tears over this heart-piercing process, would it not be well to reflect upon the deplorable state



REPRODUCTION OF ORIGINAL FORT ON THE SITE OF ASTORIA, ORE.

One of the many interesting exhibits to be seen at the Astoria Centennial Exposition which opens August 9. See the editorial on this page for details.

we would be in as a nation if many times 25,000 factories had not come into being in the decade mentioned?

These new factories have been our salvation. They have enabled us to provide work for our immense population and thus to develop our national resources. The farm is the groundwork of all prosperity, but a nation whose activities begin and end in agriculture would never become a leading factor in the affairs of the world. All will agree that, in order to feed our rapidly growing population, we need a revival of farming, more intensive and more scientific farming; but to play the factory against the farm, to accuse the factory chimney of "piercing the farm's heart," is a piece of absurdity.

And if protection has helped to build the factory and has made us great as a manufacturing nation, then it is all the more reason why the protective policy should be retained.

Oregon's Hundred Years.

ON MARCH 24th, 1811, John Jacob Astor's trading vessel, the *Tonquin*, carrying many members of his Pacific Fur Company, crossed the bar into the Columbia River, sailed up that stream a few miles and erected the post which was named Astoria and which was the first American settlement on the Pacific coast. At its centenary LESLIE'S WEEKLY had an editorial upon the event, telling something about its meaning and consequences. On that spot has risen the flourishing city of Astoria of to-day. March is not a favorable month for extensive out-of-door observances such as the Astorians of 1911 planned and they were postponed for several months. The celebration will open on August 9th, 1911, and close on September 9th.

The Oregon Legislature appropriated \$50,000 toward paying the expenses of the centennial observances, Clatsop County contributed \$25,000, John Jacob Astor, of New York, a lineal descendant of the founder of the family, donated \$10,000, and the business men of Astoria raised \$50,000, while transportation companies and residents of other parts of Oregon supplied enough additional money to bring the aggregate up to \$150,000. Among the features of the celebration will be automobile, motor boat and aeroplane contests and military displays, while American and British fleets will participate in some of the ceremonies, assisted by war vessels from some of the South American republics. Day pageants and firework displays will illustrate the leading events in the development of the Pacific States of the big republic. The whole country is invited to the celebration and some of it will go.

The original John Jacob Astor was not only the wealthiest and most energetic business man in the United States of his day, but he was also a seer. Had he received the small measure of recognition from President Madison which he asked, he would have spread his fur-trading posts all over the strategic points west of the Rocky Mountains, he would have shut out the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies from all that region, and not only Oregon but the present British Columbia and Yukon would have passed peacefully into the possession of the United States. England would have been shut out from all contact with the Pacific Ocean from Canada, and doubtless Canada itself, restricted to the locality between the Atlan-

tic and the Rocky Mountains, would long since have knocked for admission into the United States. In that event Hudson's Bay and the Great Lakes would have been close to the center of the country over which Mr. Taft presides in 1911.

The population of what was called the "Oregon country" of Astor's day (the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming) was 2,200,000 in 1910 and is doubtless 2,500,000 at this time, for it is growing with great rapidity. The State of Washington increased 120 per cent. in the past ten years, or at a higher ratio than any other commonwealth, while Idaho gained 101 per cent. The rest of the region beyond the Rockies—California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and part of New Mexico—has 3,500,000 people in 1911, or 6,000,000 for the whole Pacific slope. That is a very interesting and important region. Portland, Ore., had a Lewis and Clark centenary celebration in 1905 and Seattle had an Alaska-Yukon-Pacific observance in 1909, while the Panama Canal exposition will be held in San Francisco in 1915. Astoria is located in a decidedly attractive part of the United States.

The Plain Truth.

THE GREATEST wool State in the Union, Texas, knows which side its bread is buttered on. Should the Democratic free wool bill be passed, the sheep-growing industry in Texas and the Southwest will be paralyzed, according to B. L. Crouch, first vice-president of the Texas Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association, himself a leading Democrat. In anticipation of the passage of the bill, thousands of sheep are even now being fattened for sale. This will give the public cheap mutton for a month or two, but it needs more than this to justify paralyzing one of the big industries of the country.

NEWSPAPERS and other legitimate vehicles for advertisements will be interested in a recent decision that the billboards must go. Six years ago St. Louis passed an ordinance defining how and of what materials billboards should be built, limiting their size and ordering the demolition of all not conforming to the regulations. The validity of the law being questioned, it has finally been sustained by the Supreme Court, which says in the course of its opinion that this form of advertising "may not only be regulated and controlled, but may be entirely suppressed for the public good under the police power of the State." Ordinarily billboards have been opposed because offensive to good taste, but they are also an element of danger in storms and fires and in many cases have helped to conceal practices that were offensive to decency and morals. St. Louis has shown what any city can do to protect itself against this nuisance, and the sweeping affirmation of the ordinance, its spirit and purpose, by the Supreme Court of Missouri, should hearten other cities to follow the example of the metropolis of the Southwest.

NO ONE believes anything reflecting upon the personal character of Gifford Pinchot. The sensational charge that Mr. Pinchot's opposition to the opening of Alaska's coal lands was inspired by the fact that his mother owned a large interest in the Pocahontas mine which supplies warships on the Pacific coast with fuel, and that Mr. Pinchot

therefore feared competition with Alaska coal, should hardly call for denial. The public gladly clears him of any such charges. But it is just this sort of baseless insinuation which succeeded in driving Richard A. Ballinger from the Cabinet. After the approval of his course by the Attorney-General and after President Taft had gone thoroughly over the case and had cleared his Secretary of the Interior of all the charges of the muck-raker, popular clamor continuing, a congressional investigation was demanded. And although its finding agreed with that of President Taft, the public, led by the demagogic press, continued to demand Ballinger's dismissal, until, caring no longer to live under such pressure, he resigned. The general outcry against Ballinger had as little basis in fact as the charges against Pinchot.

DR. WILEY wants an investigation. By all means let us have it. Let us go back to the time of President Roosevelt when it is said that he was ready, in view of Wiley's intolerable insubordination, to let him go. Dr. Wiley has been, in our judgment, full of good intentions. He has done excellent service and the public appreciates the evidences of his industry and integrity; but every one familiar with his department knows that he has had an aggravated case of what is called "the big head." He has lacked tact and judgment and would have done still better work if he had possessed these two essential elements of success. The talk that Colonel Roosevelt, President Taft or Secretary Wilson need fear the fullest investigation of everything that appertains to Wiley's administration is ridiculous. The pure-food law was enacted because President Roosevelt, with all his influence, got behind it. It was passed to be enforced and would have been enforced whether Wiley had been in the department or not. It will be enforced long after Wiley has gone. In one thing Wiley has displayed signal ability and that is in the organization of a press bureau which finds nothing in his conduct to blame and everything to praise. It couldn't do better if its service were edited by Wiley himself.

THE TRUSTS really are to be busted. We have Attorney-General Wickersham's word for this. In his recent speech at Hancock, Mich., he assured his audience that big combinations like the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Company are to be "split up into a number of separate and distinct parts, no one of which shall have any direction or control over any other and no one of which shall have so large a percentage of the business as to be anything like a monopoly." Perhaps Mr. Wickersham thought this was news, but it wasn't, for the officers both of the Tobacco and the Oil Company had very promptly, after the decision of the United States Supreme Court, declared that they would fully and faithfully comply with its requirements. Vice-President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company, in a published interview some time ago, said, "We shall do what the mandate tells us to do. The general principle of the whole thing will be a distribution of the stock of the companies which compose the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey to the holders of Standard Oil stock." The decision of the Supreme Court marks the beginning of the end of the wild wave of muck-raking which has spread like a pestilence over this country since demagogues have usurped the places of our statesmen.

Famous Bull Run Fifty Years After



NOTABLE ADDRESS TO THE
President Taft speaking at Manassas Court House
sign general treaties of arbitration.

BLUE AND THE GRAY.
and announcing that four nations were about to
A distinguished assemblage on the platform.



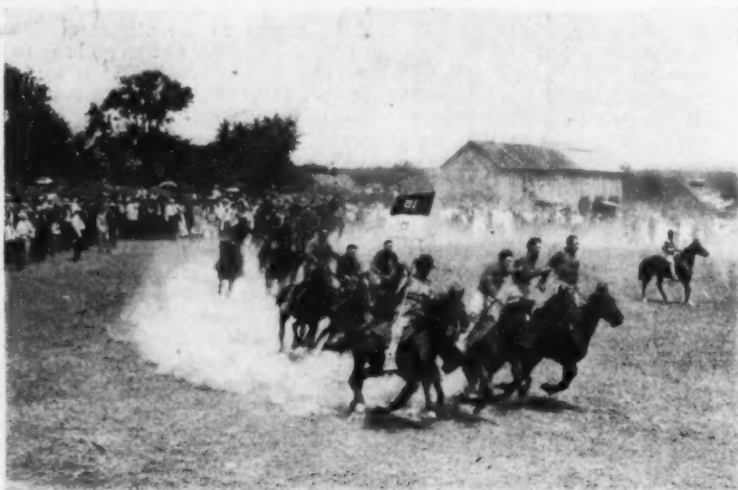
THEIR FIRST MEETING SINCE THE BATTLE.
Job Potter (at left), of Knoxville, Tenn., and Henry
Bolton, of Culpeper, Va., Confederate veterans who
were in the great fight, joyfully shaking hands.



THE PRESIDENT IN DEEP WATER.
En route to Bull Run Mr. Taft's auto ran
through a swollen stream. Major Butt wad-
ing to find a safe ford.



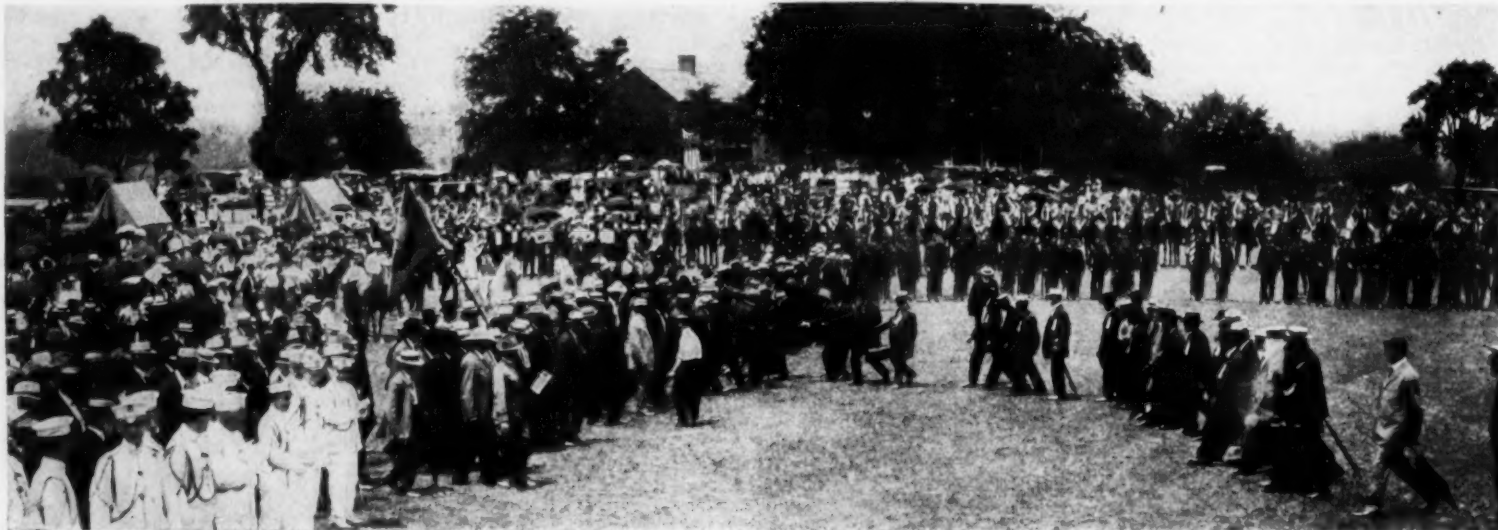
"THERE'S A SPOT WHERE HUNDREDS FELL."
Veteran, who was there, pointing out to comrades a
locality where fierce fighting and fearful slaughter
took place fifty years ago.



A PEACEFUL CHARGE OF CAVALRY.
Rough riders from Fort Myer exhibiting their wonderful equestrian skill,
where once a furious conflict raged.

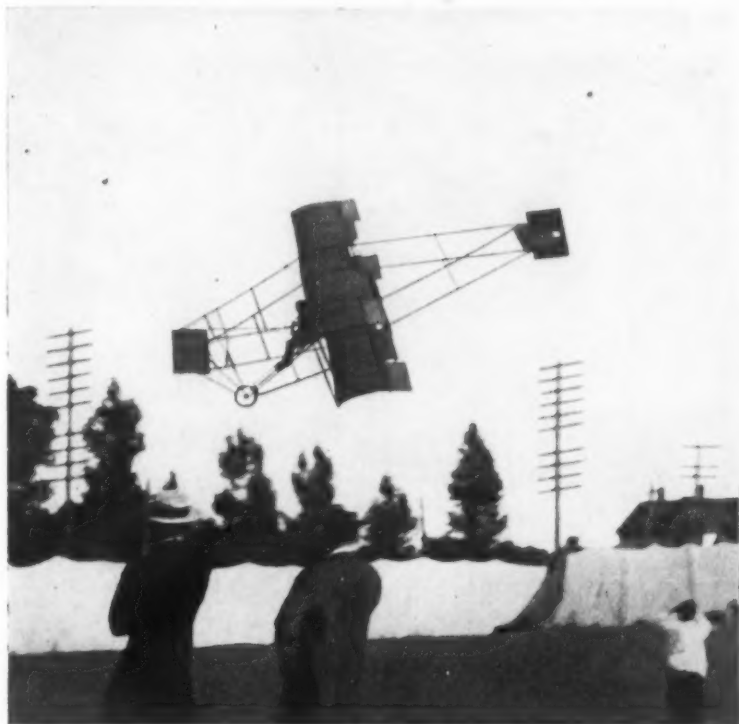


GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLD BATTLEFIELD.
Animated scene on July 21, when hosts of the Blue and the Gray assembled to
celebrate the famous fight. Henry House (the center of the fighting) at the right.



MOST DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF THE CELEBRATION.
Aged veterans of the North (at right) and of the South, former foes, slowly advancing toward each other and clasping hands in friendly greeting.

**Veterans of the Blue and the Gray Celebrating, on July 21, the
Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Great Fight of the Civil War**



A TRAGEDY OF THE AIR.

"Bud" Mars at Erie, Pa., plunging down hundreds of feet in his uncontrollable biplane, the "Red Devil." He was terribly, though not fatally, injured. The snapshot was taken only ten seconds before the crash.



THE WRECK OF MARS'S AIRSHIP.

The "Red Devil" after it crashed into a wall. Captain "Tom" Baldwin (at right) superintending the gathering up of the debris.



A NOTABLE FEAT IN OREGON.

Eugene Ely rising from the sage-brush field and beginning his daring flight over Baker City and the near-by mountains.



A GREAT OLD-FASHIONED BALLOON MEET.

Six airships rising at Kansas City, Mo., in the National Elimination Race. Two, the St. Louis IV. and Million Population, both of St. Louis, qualified for the James Gordon Bennett Cup Race at Kansas City next October.



AN AMERICAN AVIATOR'S VICTORY.

Charles T. Weymann, twenty-one years old, in his Nieuport monoplane, winning the race for the Coupe Internationale d'Aviation on the Isle of Sheppy, England.



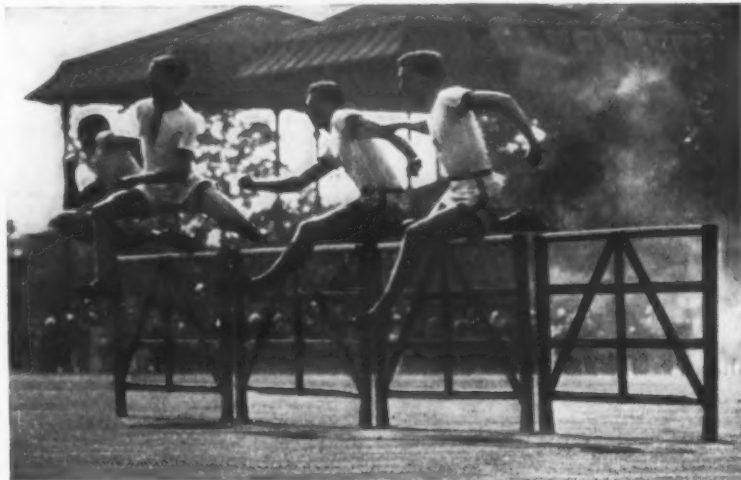
A UNIQUE AERIAL SCENE.

Harry N. Atwood, after his Boston to Washington flight, cutting spiral circles around the tall Washington Monument at the Federal capital.

Events of Note in the Aerial World



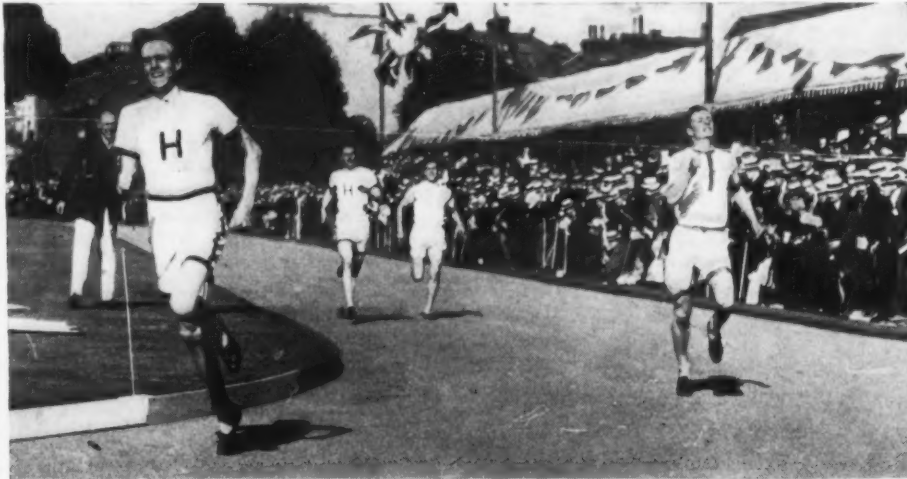
R. J. HOLDEN, YALE, WINNING THE BROAD JUMP.
An event the Americans usually capture.



G. A. CHISHOLM, YALE, WINNING THE HURDLES.
J. B. Cummings, Harvard, and Mr. Chisholm, the winner, nearest the camera.



W. CANFIELD, YALE, WINNING THE HIGH JUMP.
Mr. Canfield will be a strong competitor for the Olympic honors next year.



B. M. PREBLE, HARVARD, WINNING THE HALF-MILE RUN.
This is the first time an American has won a distance event in the international intercollegiate meet.



THE NEW AMERICAN DEFENDER.
The "Dixie IV" going 45 nautical miles an hour. The "Dixie" will be one of the fast boats to defend the Harmsworth cup against the English boat in August.



"PETER PAN,"
Winning the motor-boat race at Larchmont, N. Y. The winner averaged 31.09 statute miles an hour covering a thirty-mile course.



THE "VITA,"
The winner of the Larchmont race on time allowance, a picture suggestive of the fascination of the sport.



THE "EDITH,"
Which raced the "Vita" bow and bow for the whole distance of thirty miles, finishing just one second behind the winner.



EXCITING FINISH OF A TUB RACE.
The most humorous event at the aquatic sports at Larchmont, on July 18.



THE "FURLONG,"
Making 42½ miles an hour on the Potomac River. This boat will be a formidable defender of the Harmsworth cup.

The Sporting World in Pictures

The American Winners at the Yale-Harvard-Oxford-Cambridge Meet
in London and Some of the Fastest Motor Boats In the World



THE REMARKABLE CIVIC CELEBRATION IN MINNEAPOLIS.

PHOTO BY SWEET

An entire week, that of July 2 to 8, was given up to parades and fetes, including the ceremony of "Linking of the Lakes," being the opening of the canal which connects Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles. This photograph shows one of the big crowds that witnessed the historical pageant.



TOWN HALL BUILT WITH \$100 AND INTEREST.

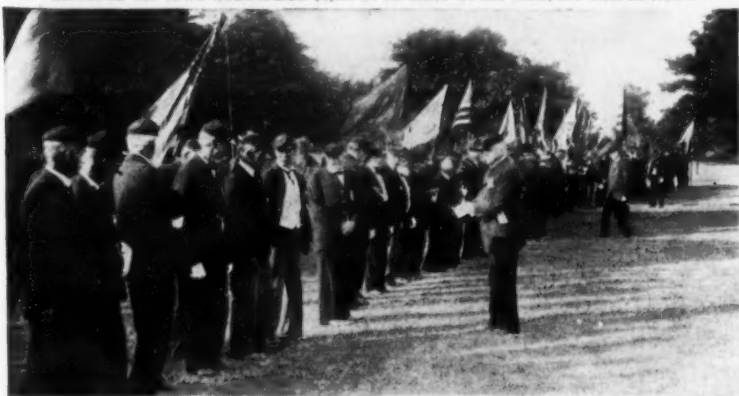
John James who died at Goshen, Mass., in 1804 left \$100 to be kept at interest for 100 years when it was to be devoted to the needs of the town and the church. For this building just dedicated the town contributed \$2,000 of its share of the fund, the church \$1,000.



NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF BOY SCOUTS.

PHOTO AMERICAN PRESS

Showing the boys at lunch during the recent annual session at Cooperstown, N. Y. The camp was pitched on the shores of Lake Osego. This picture is that of the Mohawk troop. The growth of this unique organization has been phenomenal.



ANNUAL G. A. R. REUNION AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHOTO P. J. PRESS BUREAU

A line which thins more and more rapidly each year "Rallies Round the Flag." The greatest old soldiers' reunion this year took place on the field of Bull Run with both the blue and the gray participating.



THE GREATEST FLY-KILLING CONTEST EVER HELD.

PHOTO BATEMAN

Showing the judges at San Antonio, Tex., deciding who killed the most flies in this unique competition. The total number of flies killed was declared to be 1,252,810, of which the winner slaughtered 484,320.



10,000 ELKS ON PARADE IN ATLANTIC CITY.

PHOTO UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Striking scene during the recent annual convention of this famous order. Note the size of the flag carried. Every State in the Union was represented in the parade.



FOURTH OF JULY IN THE CANAL ZONE.

PHOTO THE PICTORIAL NEWS

How the Americans who are digging the big ditch across Panama celebrated the national holiday. The Court of Honor where the festivities were held at Cristobal.

Up-to-date News by Camera

The Northwest and Its Marvelous Opportunities

All Those Who Are Looking for a New Start in Rich Country Should Read This Wonderful Story of the Agricultural Awakening of the Northwest

By HOKE SMITH

OUT IN the far Northwest there is occurring a notable awakening to the necessity of real agricultural development. Mining and stock raising must give way to farming as a chief industry. The era of cultivation is at hand. The organization of the Northwestern Development League in Helena, Mont., May 4th, 1911, marked the beginning of a determination upon the part of leading commercial men of seven States to transform a vast area of varied agricultural possibilities extending nearly two thousand miles from the Twin Cities to the Pacific coast. Besides Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, this exploitation movement embraces the Territory of Alaska, covering an area that nearly equals all the rest of the United States. Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, is strategic general in this greatest publicity movement of its kind ever started anywhere upon the face of the earth.

This does not indicate, by any means, that it is a one-man movement. Nor is it a movement with a single corporation back of it. It is too big to be encompassed in that way. However, this comparatively young railway genius is a big cog in the wheel. He conceived a unique plan to populate the Northwest with desirable masters of the soil, lured from European land patches by sending to them bright prospects of American life in the form of moving pictures—which, like figures, never lie. At the same time, the chief of the Great Northern Railway system expects to establish a flank movement upon the Dominion of Canada "immigration baiters" that will stem the tide of homeseekers that has been drawn out of the States up through Minnesota and across into the Canadian wheat country by the convincing dollars-and-cents talk of land agents.

Moving pictures of scenes taken on the Great Lakes and industrial and agricultural life from Duluth to the Pacific coast along the line of the Great Northern Railway will be shown in European countries by lecturers sent out in the pay of the developers of the Northwest. In the United States the films will be put on in moving-picture theaters in the large cities where thousands of former European farmers are known to have settled, making the sad mistake of thinking they would prefer city life to tilling the soil. Most of them are unable to earn a livelihood, and when they see them picking luscious fruits and gathering rich-looking products in the moving pictures, they will be in the frame of mind of the black-bass fisherman when he hears the first frog croak in the springtime—ready to try his luck again.

It was largely the flocking of the middle Western farmers to the Canadian lands that woke up the jobbers of the Twin City gateway and the people of the Northwest States beyond. Citizens of the United States deserting their own flag to till foreign soil! The situation was so striking that the men of big business interests throughout the Northwest began to sit up and take notice of the big stream of people that was pouring into Canada through the Minnesota gateway. "What's the matter?" they asked themselves. "Here we have lying to the west of us and south of the Canadian line an area of uncultivated land that exceeds the area of the New England States. Why isn't it being cultivated?" they asked themselves. "Simply because of no organized effort to exploit the resources," they were finally compelled to answer. Louis Hill, displaying the initiative, one day quietly called together twenty representative St. Paul and Minneapolis business men, and this commercial body appointed one hundred men of the two cities to get behind the Northwestern Development

League movement and shove. An advance agent then started out to spread the gospel, urging the necessity of curbing the great flow of emigration that was pouring into Canada and turning it northward into channels that would prove beneficial to all of the seven States interested. The advance agent was a newspaper man.

He visited forty-seven towns and traveled eighty-six hundred miles. Hundreds of columns of matter spreading alarm as to the Canadian emigration drain and vivid word pictures of what an effective weapon the moving-photograph idea would be in bringing the Northwest back into its own—these two things stirred up a marvelous tidal wave of public spirit. It was the means of clasping hands even across the great continental divide, for Washington and Oregon were as quick to join the development league movement as the States lying east of the Rockies. In fact, each of the seven States, through intelligent and opportune press work, quickly saw that all were working to the same end, and hence should travel the same road and take their share of the benefits as immigration came their way.

Seven Governors lent the weight of their influence by appointing delegations-at-large to the congress of boosters. So when the gavel fell calling the first Northwestern Development League congress to order, in the Helena Auditorium, the morning of May 4th, there were three hundred and fifty delegates in attendance, representing commercial bodies of the seven States and Alaska. The plan of organization as drawn up by Rufus Wilson, secretary of the Seattle Commercial Club, was adopted. It plainly outlined the development of the resources of the area described as the sole object of the league, eliminating politics and particularly conservation.

Scientific cultivation of arid regions will be given special attention. Development is what the convention decided the Northwest needs—not restrictions in water power, mineral, forest and agricultural resources. The delegates were convinced that, in order to build cities, they first must develop the country, and that, instead of devoting energies to the upbuilding of any particular community, it was much more effective to bend efforts toward the development of the Northwest as a whole.

Last year, of the one million immigrants that landed in the United States, it is estimated that about three hundred and fifty thousand had been farmers in their native countries. Yet only fifty thousand of the million that came last year went upon farms in the United States. The rest settled in cities. Thus the boosters of the Northwest realize it is largely their own fault the Northwest has not been settled more rapidly. It simply has been a case of neglect upon their part to do their duty of pointing out the great opportunities that await the homeseeker in the Northwest.

The seven Northwest States are nearly ten times the size of the New England States. Excluding Texas, these States cover more territory than all the rest of the Southern States—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Oklahoma.

Any one of the seven Northwest States is larger than all of the New England States combined, yet the New England States have nearly one million more people in their comparatively small area. This is a striking illustration of what a great area remains to be developed in the Northwest. Put the New England States in Montana, and there would be enough area left to make New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and at the same time there could be set aside 8,370 square miles of Montana land as a government con-

servation tract. Here are the figures which tell so remarkable a story:

SQ. MILES	EQ. MILES
Montana.....	146,080
Total area of New England States, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.....	137,710
Left for conservation tract.....	8,370
Connecticut.....	4,990
Maine.....	33,040
New Hampshire.....	9,305
Vermont.....	9,565
Massachusetts.....	8,315
Rhode Island.....	1,250
Total area New England States.....	66,465
New York.....	49,170
New Jersey.....	7,815
Maryland.....	12,210
Delaware.....	2,050
	137,710

It will be seen from the figures that Montana is more than twice the size of the entire group of New England States. Traveling across Montana, on the Great Northern Railway, is about like taking a trip, also by rail, from Chicago to New York City—the great breadth of Montana being about 700 miles. It takes the Great Northern train twenty-four hours to cross the State. Following are the areas of the seven States and Alaska which are embraced in the Northwestern Development League movement:

SQ. MILES	Total area United States, exclusive of Alaska and the seven Northwest States, 1,398,700 square miles.
Montana.....	146,080
Washington.....	69,180
Oregon.....	96,130
Idaho.....	84,800
North Dakota.....	70,795
South Dakota.....	77,650
Minnesota.....	83,365
	627,900
Alaska.....	590,884
Total area Alaska and the seven Northwest States.....	1,218,784

Thus, it is shown, the area of the territory included in the exploitation movement of the Northwestern Development League nearly equals the rest of the land area of the entire United States.

North Dakota has a per capita wealth of \$1,931, which is larger than any other State in the Union. North Dakota has 95,818 acres of artificial forests. Of 21,003,812 acres of North Dakota land not contained in farms, about 1,000,000 acres consist of free government lands which are subject to homestead entry. Minnesota has 25,000,000 acres of uncultivated land which is capable of agricultural development. There are 10,000 lakes in Minnesota, with an area of about 3,943,378 acres. Montana has 28,000,000 acres of uncultivated farm lands which are capable of agricultural development. Oregon presents a vast area of uncultivated land which is richly productive. In Washington there are over 16,000,000 acres of uncultivated farm land capable of development. There is much arid land which is capable of irrigation.

The following officers will conduct the Northwestern Development League's campaign during the next twelve months: President, Lewis Oenwell, Helena, Mont.; vice-presidents, M. Newman, Great Falls, Mont.; State Senator Fox, Coeur d'Alene, Ida.; Dennis W. King, Wenatchee, Wash.; William Hanley, Burns, Ore.; J. H. Dyke, Duluth, Minn.; S. R. Vessey, Pierre, S. Dak.; John Bruegger, Williston, N. Dak.; treasurer, H. C. Sampson, Spokane, Wash.; executive committee, R. W. Reynolds, Lewistown, Mont.; W. M. Morgan, Moscow, Ida.; Rufus Wilson, Seattle, Wash.; C. C. Chapman, Portland, Ore.; C. L. Kluckhohn, St. Paul, Minn.; E. Y. Sarles, ex-Governor of North Dakota.

The Spike Drivers

THE everlasting hills rose up and blocked us in our path,
The heat of suns, the cold of frosts, they smote us in their wrath;
The guts of earth were solid rock that fought the tearing drills,
And racing rivers, born of snows, came down and gnawed the fills.
But Lord! We couldn't stop for them—we had to dare and do—
For all the world was waiting till we got the railroad through.

We crossed the hills or tunneled them, we swung the bridge-
webs o'er
The roaring deeps that only eagles ever dared before;
We laid the rails and set 'em true and drove the long spikes
home
To make things ready for the first expresses that should come
A-roarin' in from crowded towns, where earth-starved mil-
lions moil,
A-bringin' men whose hearts were sick for sight of God's
own soil.

Beyond those hills were lands so rich that every single grain
Of wheat and corn, once sowed in them, would bring a
golden rain—
There on the upland grass a million cattle could be fed,
And thick-grown timber hid the slopes that iron ore
made red;
The world had need of all of this and bade us lay the tracks
To get men there who knew the lore of spade and plow
and axe.

We had to lay the long, long lines of steel, no matter
how—
We hadn't time to think of when—we had to do it now.
We had to blast the hills away, we had to bridge the
streams,
We had to cut the forests down to get our trestle beams—
No matter if we paid with blood, we had to do the work;
The world was wanting rails laid down and wouldn't let
us shirk.

The work was bitter, bitter hard—far distant was the goal,
And all the endless grind of it wore down the very soul—
We sweated blood—God knows we did—some broke their
hearts and died,
But still we toiled to cross the hills and reach the other side—
For back at home we knew that men were moanin' for the
lot,
And hungerin' for air and soil whose freedom they'd
forgot.

JAMES BARDIN.

What an Englishman Thinks of American Hotels

Are We Tyrannized by the French Chef?

By SYDNEY BROOKS

WHAT has come over American cooking? It used to be the daintiest and the most individual in the world. I well remember, on my first visit to New York fifteen years ago, what a relief and delight it was to get away from the internationalized cuisine of Europe, from which all distinctiveness has vanished, and to encounter, in the restaurants and hotels of the American metropolis, dish after dish of the most appetizing novelty, served with a genuine native art. Europe at that time was just beginning to feel the effects of the French invasion of the world of gastronomy. The invasion since then has turned into an army of occupation, permanently encamped in every European capital. French waiters, chefs, dishes and methods tyrannize over all dinner tables between London and Moscow. Really national cooking leads everywhere an unfashionable, hole-and-corner existence. A meal at any of the first-class restaurants in Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Monte Carlo, London, Madrid or St. Petersburg has no longer anything characteristically local about it; it is just a succession of French or Frenchified courses, from which Gallic art has expunged all national flavor.

But in America, fifteen years ago at any rate, one could still come across the real thing; one could still order a dinner in which every dish was a new experience, cooked and prepared after an American and not a foreign recipe. The artist who served it may have been a Frenchman—probably he was—but he was a Frenchman in a humble mood, careful of American traditions, not the dogmatic autocrat and reckless innovator he has since become, importing just that quality of delicacy which in culinary matters is most needed to temper Anglo-Saxon heavy-handedness. That was the golden age of American cooking, when the French chef was an ally and not a master, and when America poured forth her treasures of edibility to be refined through the sieve of Gallic virtuosity. And what treasures they were and still are! American cooking ought to be the best in the world, for the material it has to work on is unsurpassable. If Americans have still to come to England to learn what beef and mutton and lamb really are at their best; if, in spite of the seraphic voluptuousness of the porterhouse steak, they have few good meats, and if their game birds, always excepting the immortal quail, lack variety and quality, they can fairly boast on the whole of the finest fish, fruits and vegetables to be met with anywhere. The shad, the oyster, the soft-shelled crab and the lobster; the canteloupe, peach, grape fruit, apple, plum and banana; a vast list of vegetables, headed by the asparagus and celery—all these one finds in America of a freshness, flavor, size and lusciousness unknown to Europe. So that there can be no excuse for the falling off in American cooking on the score of lack of good material.

Yet the falling off itself is unmistakable. I more than suspected it five years ago, when I revisited the country for a few months; I am now sure of it. And the reasons for the decline seem to me to be fourfold. In the first place, the Frenchman has clinched his hold on the American kitchen and now runs it to please himself. If he ran it as he would run it in France, I should not complain. But that is precisely what he does not do. Nothing is vainer than for a New York hotel or restaurant proprietor to import some famous French chef and then expect him to do as well on Manhattan Island as he has been doing on the banks of the Seine. In Paris the French chef is an artist, exhibiting his skill for the delectation of a company of expert and accomplished critics. In New York he is a mere mechanical provider of food for undistinguished multitudes who are unversed in culinary subtleties, have never had time to study the art of dining from the standpoint of the gourmet and are willing to put up with what is given them with a meekness that quite staggers a European. In such an environment the artistic soul cannot expand, the conscience becomes blunted and a sort of contemptuous indifference soon sets in. One of the diversions open to an Englishman in New York, if he can speak French and happens to know how things ought to be done, is to expostulate with the inevitable French maitre d'hotel, in some glittering, marbled Fifth Avenue restaurant, on the dishes he unloads upon his innocent patrons. "I know, monsieur," he replies, "that it is not right; but what would you? What can I do? These people do not understand. Look at that gentleman over there! He is putting sugar into his soup! It is heart-breaking. Once, twice, perhaps three times in a week is a dinner ordered here such as it is a credit to serve." And so he goes his rounds in and out among the tables, receiving the most astounding orders with a veiled disdain, prompting here, counseling there, doing what he can to preserve some fragment of his art from desecration. It is labor lost. The easy course—and, therefore, the course all but invariably adopted—is to give the untutored fancy a

free rein and not attempt to bridle it. The cooking, in consequence, that one encounters in the best hotels and restaurants in New York to-day is about on a par with that of a third-rate Parisian eating-house—swimming in grease and submerged in sauces.

Then, again, I seem to detect a falling off in the quality of the food that is set before one; and for this, I think, the vast extension of cold storage and of other and less innocent preservatives is mainly responsible. I know that in one of the most expensive hotels on Fifth Avenue I have been reduced to a state of semi-starvation by the sheer badness of the food and have had to move elsewhere in search of something to eat. I fancy, too, that Americans are at last beginning to pay the penalty for their over-indulgence in iced water and cocktails. It would be sheer ingratitude in me to say a word in derogation of either drink. I never knew what water was, what body and substance there was in it, until I drank it iced a l'Americaine; and as for cocktails, they undoubtedly are America's chief contribution to the pleasures of civilization. But while iced water and cocktails are both soothing and stimulating to the appetite, they have this regrettable drawback that they tend to deaden the palate. And that brings me to what is the most disastrous development in American cooking—I mean its striving after exciting effects. It is almost impossible in New York to-day to get even a French salad properly and simply served. The odds are almost anything that you will find red pepper in the dressing and an overplus of vinegar. If, by way of experiment, you leave it to the head waiter to order a dinner for you in any first-class restaurant in New York, you will find every dish disfigured by this mania for the bizarre and the sensational. It is because the average American has lost his palate and seems unable to relish or even to taste anything that does not "bite" and is not spiced to the uttermost. I can forgive Americans their ignorance of wines and even the appalling decoction that they set before one under the guise of tea; but this studied perversion of all culinary standards, these crimes against art and nature, place them, from the standpoint of the gourmet, beyond the pale.

For all that, New York would be nothing without its restaurants and hotels. They are the distinctive feature of the city; they play a part in its daily life that infinitely exceeds the part played by similar establishments in any other metropolis in the world. It always staggers an Englishman to find how much of the social existence of New York revolves round its hotels. In London, Paris or Vienna one dines in a restaurant simply by way of a change; in New York it is the exception if one dines at home. An enormous proportion of the private entertainment and hospitality of Manhattan Island is given in public. People live in hotels in New York and invite their friends to dine with them there, who, if they were Parisians or Londoners or Viennese, would never dream of being without a private house of their own and who would regard it almost as a matter for apology if they invited their friends to dine with them anywhere except beneath their own roof-tree. The quantity and the quality of the domestic service that is obtainable in the United States, the paucity of homes compared with the superabundance of flats and apartment houses, and the fondness of the average American, and especially of the average New Yorker, for the splash and glitter and excitement and publicity of restaurants, all tend to put a stopper on dinner-giving at home and to make recourse to the Holland, the Waldorf, the Plaza, Sherry's, Delmonico's or any one of the other fifty-odd first-class hotels and restaurants the easy way out. The fact that it is also the expensive way out never seems to trouble anybody in New York. Americans are the champion spenders of the world and in New York they lose all sense of money and money's worth. I have not the slightest doubt that New Yorkers spend proportionately at least twice and probably three times as much in hotels and restaurants as any other people on earth. Wipe out these gay and gorgeous establishments and most of the social life of New York would come to an abrupt stop.

And yet, in spite of perhaps because of their overwhelming patronage, the New York restaurants have never the brilliant and attractive air of the London restaurants. The reason mainly is that in New York the women, when they dine in public, hardly ever "dress," while the men are too often content with the negligent dinner jacket and the black tie. (By the by, when will New Yorkers learn that only head waiters ought to wear a white vest with a black tie?) The result is that a fashionable New York restaurant at the dinner hour looks, so far as the women's dresses go, like a better-gowned London tea fight or luncheon party. There is no witchery of bare necks, white arms, jeweled hair and shimmering costume. As a show neither a New York restaurant nor a New York theater amounts to anything, when compared with the

radiant spectacle nightly presented by the Ritz or Savoy or Carlton in London. Yet, such as it is, it seems not merely to please, but to captivate Americans. One of the first things that strike an Englishman in New York is that the hotels are public property. Casual passers-by drop in, sit about, smoke, listen to the music, write letters just as though they were members of a universal club. There is one famous hotel on Fifth Avenue where the lookers-on always appear to outnumber the actual guests and diners. Extraordinary people swarm along the corridors and lounge in the public rooms and peer into the dining salons, simply for their own amusement and as a way of passing the time. They have come to see the show, and the fact that they belong to a species of social deadheads never seems to embarrass them. One has a ridiculous sense, as one pushes one's way through them, of being on parade or part of a panorama or at least of assisting at some great "function." As a matter of fact, one is simply on one's way to dinner in the hotel in which one happens to be staying.

It is clear, then, that these ingenuous spectators are quite satisfied with the hats, high-necked gowns and general effects of the women they have assembled to look upon, and that they regard the exhibition as an adequate evening's entertainment. But I cannot persuade myself that American or any other women take pleasure in thus covering up their charms, or that, if they were given a free rein, they would not appear in all the glory of full evening dress. What is it that restrains them? Is it some lingering puritanical tradition, like the absurd provincialism that forbids a woman to smoke the harmless cigarette in public in New York? I do not think so; indeed, I find difficulty in reconciling New York with any kind of puritanism. But every one remembers how quickly and easily the restaurant that sought to make evening dress *de rigueur* was obliged to put up its shutters.

The reason, I believe, why New York women persist in disappointing their masculine admirers in this particular is that the transportation arrangements of the city force them to do so. Hats and high-necked gowns are a possible street or cable-car costume; low-necked gowns and their accessories are not. If New York were provided, as London is, with an abundant supply of cheap, clean and comfortable taxicabs or hansoms, so that there was no need to do any walking or to crush priceless garments in a crowded and dirty trolley car, New York women would find it possible to make "dressing" the rule instead of the exception. As it is, the lack of a transportation service, at once private and public, cheap and universally get-at-able, is a fatal obstacle to the spread of this charming English custom. People will not "dress" when by not dressing they can get to their theater or restaurant almost as quickly and as comfortably and at a twentieth of the cost. There is, however, another English custom, equally charming, that New York is at last beginning to appropriate—I mean afternoon tea. Go into the Ritz-Carlton, Waldorf, the Plaza or any other fashionable hotel any afternoon at five o'clock, and you will find a scene of the genteelst dissipation revolving round mountains of delicacies and lakes of tea. And every care is taken, I am glad to notice, to protect men's reputations and prevent them from compromising themselves unnecessarily. When I tried the other day to stroll in upon one of these almost Adam-less Paradises, a shocked head waiter asked me whether I was "escorted" by a lady. I replied that I was alone, unfriended and defenseless. He at once and firmly bowed me away to another and much emptier and gloomier room, where I could take a cup of tea without scandal or any detriment to my morals. I can never be too grateful to him.

I do not know that there is much difference between a first-rate hotel in New York and one of the same rank in London. The clerks in the office and the head waiters in the restaurant seem to have more intimate friends among the patrons of a hotel in New York than they are permitted in London, and there is a condescension and affability in their bearing which, I am afraid, Englishmen sometimes fail to admire. But the bediamonded, nail-cleaning, supercilious youth of the comic papers has long since vanished from Manhattan Island, and, though one may still come across a waiter or chambermaid or page of the most unmitigated mannerlessness, still I think New York hotels have immensely improved in what fifteen years ago was unquestionably their weakest point—I mean the personal side of their service. Their staff has not yet quite reached the English standard of quietude, deftness and deference, but it is far better than it used to be, while on the mechanical side I should not hesitate to put a modern New York hotel above all its rivals the world over. In America one can always rely on whatever machinery can do being well done, and in their hotels the Americans have put

(Continued on page 125.)



GONE DEMOCRATIC!

Farewell to the Extra Session Idlers

Let Them Now Hasten Home and Give the Country a Much-needed Rest

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington Correspondent Leslie's Weekly

WASHINGTON, July 17th, 1911.

WITH loud proclamations and much ostentation, the so-called insurgent band of Republican Senators came to Washington for the extra session in fine fettle. The crusaders were thoroughly imbued with the idea that they were the only simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle reformers with a popular program. They prepared to make hay for La Follette while the sun shone. However, the next three months saw a phenomenal decline in the stock of the hopeful band. Day by day their policy of petty obstruction, their public interjection of personal dislike for the President and their utter insincerity and selfishness became more and more apparent. Their following fell rapidly away in disgust. During the early part of the session they were credited with occupying an important position. It had been assumed, in view of their diatribes against the Aldrich bill a year before, that they would join with the Democrats and attempt to force the premature and ill-advised tariff revision. But as the days went by it was demonstrated that they had no more disposition or desire to join with those of opposite political faith than they had of standing by their own old party leaders. It became plainly evident that they were selfishly pursuing a petty policy of self-exploitation, with the idea that out of their vague views might come either a third party or that the Republican nomination might fall to some such person as La Follette.

AN INSURGENT WATER-LOO WAS THE EXTRA SESSION.

The insurgents have stepped back from their position of a year ago. Evidence of this is to be found in Senator Bristow's somersault on the popular election of Senators bill. Twelve months before he voted against the amendment he himself proposed this session. It gave the Democrats his measure as to sincerity. From such acts they lost that faith in the insurgents which was necessary to a working agreement between them. But it has been discovered that the insurgents did not desire an agreement with any party. Their plan was to make a noise, deliver long, flamboyant speeches, keep their names in the headlines as the friends of the people, and to prevent any remedial legislation even of their own proposal. The insurgents hoped to use the failure by advancing the claim that they had not been able to accomplish their aims because of opposition from both Republicans and Democrats. That their whole scheme was purely selfish, that their motives were personal and that ambition for power and place has inspired their entire career is now the open charge against them. A fitting climax was the attack of La Follette upon President Taft. He had been heralded to make a great speech opposing Canadian reciprocity. At the beginning La Follette digressed far from the announced subject, and the personal spite which oozed from every word disgusted even the legitimate political enemies of Mr. Taft, the Democrats. All of which brings to mind the fact that the extra session has

had at least a single redeeming feature—it has given the country the measure of the insurgents.

A DEMOCRATIC LEADER'S \$100,000,000 BLUNDER. When the so-called wool bill was prepared for the House of Representatives by the Ways and Means Committee, a considerable difference of opinion manifested itself among the Democratic majority as to whether wool should be put on the free list or carry a small revenue duty. Finally it was settled by a resolution of the Democratic caucus, to the effect that our treasury surplus was so low it would not do to take from the country's revenue all the duties collected upon wool. That resolution satisfied for the time being the free-wool men, who could send to their home papers the fact that Uncle Sam was so poor that they could not vote for free wool at this time, although in favor of it. Representative Underwood, of Alabama, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, in presenting the bill to the House, deplored the fact that the deficit for the year would amount to over \$50,000,000, holding in his hand the daily treasury statement, which showed that the surplus would be fully \$40,000,000. Now, at the end of the fiscal year, it has been found that, instead of a deficit of \$50,000,000, there is a surplus of nearly \$47,000,000, so that Mr. Underwood was out of the way only about \$100,000,000, which was pretty close figuring for the Democratic leader who attempts to frame tariff bills for the American people and provide revenue for the government. The presentation of the farmers' free list bill and wool bill has shown in 1911, as it did in 1894, that the Democratic party is absolutely incapable of framing a tariff law either to meet the pretended wants of the consumer or to adjust itself to the revenues of the government. There is no fear that either bill will pass the Senate, and if they should happen to do so Mr. Taft has said he will veto them; but we may be glad to have learned the position of the Democratic party and to know what we may expect should a Democratic President and both branches of Congress be elected next year.

WHAT THE UNDERWOOD WOOL BILL WOULD DO.

A profound impression has been made throughout the country by the prediction of Representative Ebenezer J. Hill, of Connecticut, a Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee, an expert on the subject, that if the proposed Underwood wool and woolen tariff bill is enacted, it will mean the annihilation of the woolen industry of the United States. The idea is brought home by the grasping cartoon of Mr. Flohri, on this page, aptly captioned, "Gone Democratic!" It brings to mind a declaration of a leading New England manufacturer that the proposed bill is worse than the old Wilson bill and its enactment would inflict a period of idleness upon workmen and a return of soup houses. Should we show such a lack of interest in a law which may jeopardize the families of thousands and an industry amounting to something like \$400,000,000 annually?

GOVERNOR WILSON'S BOILER PLATE FREE LUNCH.

Several large syndicate newspaper associations, which, combined, supply practically every small paper in the United States, have been flooding the country, as we pointed out last week, offering to the editors matter boosting Governor Wilson's "spontaneous" presidential boom. The inference is that they were to get it free, all set up and ready to use, in form of what is known in the print shop as "boiler plate." An editorial printed under the scare head on the front page of the Alexandria (Va.) Times, of Sunday, July 9th, tells how much the tempting offer has been appreciated in some places. It follows:

WOODROW WILSON IN ON BOILER PLATE.

We are astonished and grieved that a candidate for the presidency should permit his friends to place him in such an undignified position as to appeal to the cupidity and poverty of the small papers and try to get them to save composition and fill space with matter in his interest as a candidate for President, without cost to him except the free lunch served in the shape of boiler plate. It would go much against us to support for the presidency a man who would allow such a thing to be done in his interest.

It might be interesting copy for Author Wilson to incorporate in the next volume of his widely advertised work, "A History of the American People."

SENATOR FORAKER AGAIN MENTIONED FOR GOVERNOR.

Ohioans at the capital received advices to the effect that former Senator Joseph B. Foraker is being strongly urged to again run for Governor in that State. Senator Foraker has just celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday and is in robust health. He is occupied with a remunerative law business. Besides serving twelve years or so in the United States Senate, he was four times the candidate for Governor and twice elected. Senator Foraker presented the name of William McKinley to the convention of 1896 and 1900 for nomination to the presidency. He would carry the old soldier vote in the governorship contest—a factor worth reckoning with, because there are probably more veterans of the Civil War in Ohio than any other State in the Union. They stand more closely together. It is also intimated that Senator Foraker might secure the active support of the President, inasmuch as it was Governor Foraker who appointed Mr. Taft, then a young lawyer, to the bench of the Supreme Court in Cincinnati. A foregone conclusion is that the negroes, remembering his fight for them in the Brownsville matter, would stand by him. All these facts are being carefully considered and more may be heard from the latest Foraker boom.

TOO MUCH LAW. A friend of Attorney-General Wickersham told him a story about an old darky in the South. A great effort was being made to colonize a certain section. The industrial agent of the nearest railroad remarked that he was offering special inducements to bring settlers to the country. In some parts of

(Continued on page 133.)

Saving One Thousand Babies' Lives

How We Are Learning To Conserve the Health of Little Children

By HARRIET QUIMBY



Given a carrot to keep her quiet. In homes where the district nurse has not reached, the babies are given everything from pickles to ice cream cones to keep them content while mother works.

THE FAD of the day is conservation. The cry is for the conservation of the forests, the water powers and all the natural resources of the country. All these have interest for the people, but it is safe to say that no call for conservation has interested all the people, the women and children as well as the men, as much as that for the conservation of the health of the babies in the great breathing centers of our cities.

The saving of human life is always a matter of deepest interest, but, somehow, an effort to save the life of a helpless infant makes its special appeal to the human heart. It is not surprising, therefore, that the work of the boards of health in our great cities in this direction has attracted wide attention and general approval. Much has been said about the gross misgovernment of American cities under a system by which a saloonkeeper may become a local boss and have an influential voice in the selection of all public officials, including even the commissioners of health. The rising revolt against this system of misgovernment has been materially strengthened since indignant protests by thoughtful citizens against the unsanitary conditions of our tenements, involving sickness and death to young and old, have been brought to public attention.

In the greatest of all our cities, New York, this splendid work has been done not only by the board of health, but by a Bureau of Municipal Research, estab-



Little mothers assume the responsibility of fetching the milk and keeping the bottles clean and cool.

lished by public-spirited, generous and patriotic citizens at their own expense. Some amazing disclosures of extravagance, misgovernment and gross abuses have been made by this bureau. It has not sought in any way to interfere with the administration of the city, but, on the contrary, has endeavored to promote a good administration wherever it was to be found.

It is incredible that such ignorance regarding the care of infant children could exist in any community as has been found by the health authorities in the

city of New York. Not only have unsanitary conditions been tolerated, not only has there been a lack of care for the mother during the trying period of maternity, but there has also been an utter lack of attention to the cleanliness and diet of the newly born infant or the child of a few days, weeks or months of life. Milk, the main source of sustenance for infants, has been sold by reckless peddlers and others from unwashed and contaminated vessels, every drop of it bearing its disease-laden germs into the system of a baby whose very life depended upon receiving proper nourishment. Children aged a few months have been permitted to eat indigestible foods and vegetables, bananas and even carrots, uncooked and unfit for any infants digestion.

"This problem of infantile mortality is one of the most difficult that we have to meet in the city of New York," said Dr. S. Josephine Baker, who is in charge of the division of child hygiene of the health department. "There is no doubt that the excessive mortality is due primarily to ignorance and improper feeding



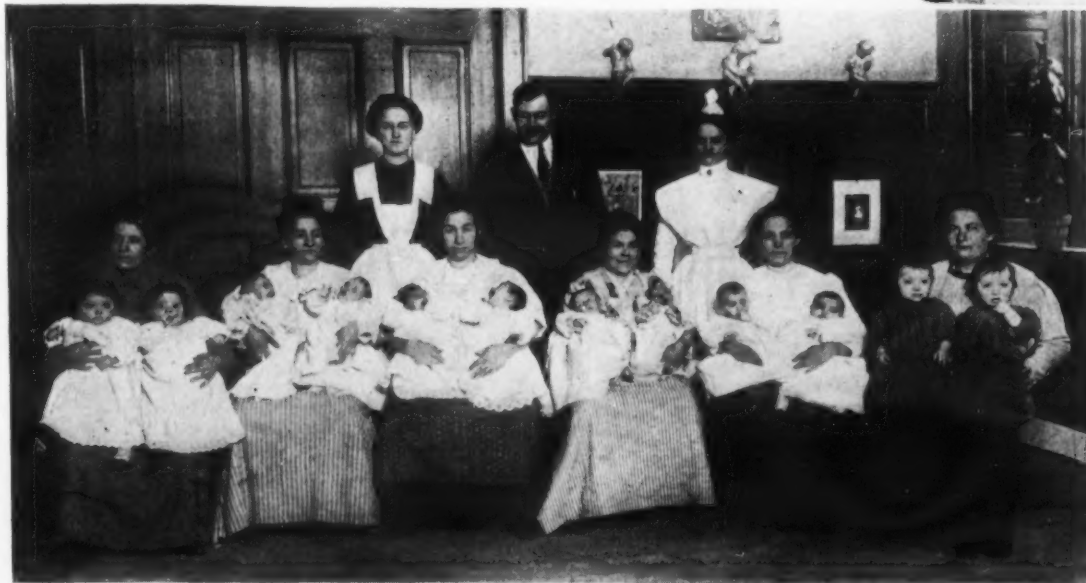
Domestic cares rest heavily upon the shoulders of the elder daughter in families where race suicide is unknown.

months of age, the first step toward reducing the number is taken in providing proper food for infants under this age. It seems incredible that mothers often lack the knowledge which dumb animals possess—that of knowing what to feed their babies. One could not believe that many of the East Side mothers give their infants sips of tea, coffee, tastes of fruit and even pieces of meat to suck, while they are still in the first few months of their existence. When baby is sick, these mothers become desperate; but not knowing which way to turn or what to do and often being too poor to think of calling a doctor, their babies die."

The crusade which the Municipal Soci-



Little fathers also have their cares. In this instance the triplets are in charge of their twin brothers.



Twins are numerous in the crowded tenement districts and mothers are invariably proud of their possessions.

and care. The mothers of our crowded districts lack nothing in affection, but they cannot practice what they do not know. Only one out of one hundred has ever been taught or has had an opportunity to observe the laws of health conservation. Rarely, if ever, does one understand anything of hygiene or sanitation or diet. In the face of the ignorance which obtains, it is not surprising that from two to three thousand babies in New York City die every year. One death in every five is that of a baby of the age of one year or less, and one death out of every three is of a child under five years of age. The most hazardous time of a person's life is during the first year. At the present time one-fifth of the babies born in the United States die before they are a year old. The death rate

of infants throughout the country generally has decreased fifty per cent. during the past thirty years. This is due to the campaign of prevention that has been carried on by medical science. The most important part of carrying this health campaign to a successful issue is the educating of mothers in the care of infants and in the providing of the proper food for babies where the mothers cannot nurse them. As it is estimated that fifty per cent. of the babies that die are under three

months of age, the first step toward reducing the number is taken in providing proper food for infants under this age. It seems incredible that mothers often lack the knowledge which dumb animals possess—that of knowing what to feed their babies. One could not believe that many of the East Side mothers give their infants sips of tea, coffee, tastes of fruit and even pieces of meat to suck, while they are still in the first few months of their existence. When baby is sick, these mothers become desperate; but not knowing which way to turn or what to do and often being too poor to think of calling a doctor, their babies die."

ety, together with the health department, is making in behalf of New York's babies is far reaching. Not only is every effort being made to educate mothers into the importance of "the ounce of prevention" rule, but substantial aid is being offered in the way of milk stations where clean, pure and cool milk can be secured at cost price, medical treatment is dispensed free of charge and lectures and talks are given to mothers. Through the crowded districts literature containing instruction how to keep the baby well is scattered broadcast. These pamphlets and circulars bear simple rules for health, such as: "Don't feed your baby too much. Don't put too many clothes on the baby. Keep your baby clean. Your baby needs fresh air. Sick babies are being saved; yours can be." Under each one of these headlines there are simple but concise instructions, viz.: "Few babies die of too little food. Many die of too much bad food. If your baby is sick, see a doctor immediately. There is a free doctor at your health station in your neighborhood. Babies need to be cool in hot weather. Don't wrap your baby up. One thin cotton or flannel garment is enough. Too many clothes kill babies. Give your baby a sponge

(Continued on page 137.)



The district nurse on her morning round demonstrates the necessity of clean milk for baby.

PHOTO COURTESY MUNICIPAL RESEARCH



PHILADELPHIA'S SOARING STRUCTURES.

A look along Broad Street, with the \$27,000,000 City Hall, topped by a statue of William Penn, in the background. The Quaker City is a strong competitor in the race for high buildings.



TALL BUILDINGS IN ATLANTA.

The progressive capital of Georgia, looking south from the Equitable Building.



SAN FRANCISCO REACHING SKY.

Re-built wholesale district of the Golden Gate City, as viewed from Fairmont Hotel. Structures are the result of the rebuilding from the disaster of 1906 and its business structures are



ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS OF NEW YORK.

This section of the American metropolis contains more and larger skyscrapers than any other locality.



ARTIFICIAL PEAKS OF DENVER.

The capital of Colorado, though one of the minor cities of the United States, can boast of scores of lofty buildings.



TOWERING EDIFICES OF BALTIMORE.

Imposing part of the Monument City seen from the harbor. The city was almost entirely destroyed by a great fire of 1904 a large number of high buildings have since been replaced in Baltimore.

The Skyscraper That Makes

In one respect American cities are unique and that is in the number of lofty buildings which loom up on their skylines. The United States is the home of the few very tall buildings in Old World cities. The increasing number of these great structures in our small, as well as our large cities, is due partly to the fact that in this country structural steel is produced in vast quantities and can be had at a moderate price. It may well be remembered, also, that some of our steel



TALL BUILDINGS IN ATLANTA.
Georgia, looking south from the Equitable Building, with the capitol near the center.



SAN FRANCISCO REACHING SKYWARD.
The City, as viewed from Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill. San Francisco has entirely recovered of 1906 and its business structures are larger and higher than ever.



SPOKANE'S MANY-STORIED ERECTIONS.
A look north through the pines along Stevens Street. Spokane, Wash., the mining center of the Pacific Northwest, possesses not a few skyscraping structures.



ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS OF LOWER NEW YORK.
The larger skyscrapers than any other locality in the world. The tallest structure shown is the Singer Building.



TOWERING EDIFICES OF BALTIMORE.
part of the Monumental City seen from Federal Hall. Since the great fire of 1904 a large number of high structures have been raised in Baltimore.



SEATTLE'S EVER-RISING SKYLINE.
The metropolis of the North Pacific coast is steadily adding to the number and height of its skyscrapers.

What Makes the American City Unique

The United States is the home land of the skyscraper. The foreign visitor is amazed by the sight of so many structures of this sort, for there are comparatively few large cities, is due partly to the speculative spirit of the American—his desire to make his costly city lots more profitable—and partly, no doubt, to the fact that in the United States, also, that some of our steel magnates are interested in building operations and take this excellent opportunity to greatly enlarge the market for their product.

The Girl That Goes Wrong

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, Author of "The House of Bondage"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Remarkable progress has already been recorded in Leslie's crusade against white slavery. College presidents, social workers, leaders of settlement houses, bankers, prominent clergymen and physicians have written us pledging their utmost aid in the war on this terrible peril. Mr. Kauffman's articles are based on data gathered by years of the most painstaking research while the author was collecting material for his astounding book, "The House of Bondage." Each story is complete in itself.

The Woman That Succeeded

WE HAD been talking it over, my friend and I, late into the night. As my friend is what is called a "man of the world," it was certain that sooner or later he would say, "Oh, the trouble with you is that you're neglecting one entire side of the problem! Of course it's terrible that either physical force or material circumstances should drive women into such a business, and that the women so driven should be the prey of hideous illnesses; but I know enough to be sure of one thing, and that is that some women go wrong because they deliberately prefer to go wrong."

When he did say that, I answered, "About one in a thousand."
"So few?"
"Of their own uninfluenced choice—yes. The statistics prove it; but even if they didn't, I have too good an opinion of womanhood to set the figure higher."

"All right, say one in a thousand. Why leave them out of your calculations? Of the sort that go wrong because they want to go wrong, some, so far as money-making is concerned, must make a success of their lives."

"So far as money-making is concerned, there are some girls, even among those forced into the business by circumstances, that make what you call a success."

"How many?"
"Say one in four thousand five hundred."
"Why not more?"

"Because the overwhelming majority have to turn over their earnings to the man or woman that owns them; because, for the rest, the necessary expenses of the business exceed its income; because the life cultivates habits that drain the purse, that drain the health; because ninety-odd per cent. are mathematically sure to contract one of the maladies of their profession; because the average length of existence in their business is just about five years."

"Still," my friend persisted, "there is your one in four thousand five hundred."

"Yes," I said, "there she is. In fact, I knew a woman that was both sorts of exceptions: she went wrong because she wanted to go wrong, and she made money and saved it."

"I should like to hear about her," said my friend.

"Very well," said I; and I told him the story of somebody that I shall here call Penelope Allyn.

Pen—in those days, six years ago, it was the smart thing to be able to address her by an abbreviation—came, so far as any of us could learn, of an untainted stock. Hers was a New England family—New England of the sort that has settled in Minneapolis and is unfriendly to St. Paul. I suppose that, indirectly, you could find economic influences at work upon her, as you can find in all cases; but I am regarding, just now, only primary influences. Anyhow, her father was by no means badly off, her home life was pleasant, and Pen was sent to what everybody considered a good school. Yet, without any reason that appeared on the surface—indeed, for no other reason, she always declared, save that she "felt like it"—the girl ran away and went on the stage.

Like most young girls that run away to go on the stage, Pen had no aptitude for the theater. She did, however, have two other attributes that, otherwise employed, would have been admirable. Otherwise employed. They were pluck and beauty; but this girl used them in her own way. Her pluck kept her from communicating with her family, so that if they ever felt inclined to take her back, they never had the chance; and her beauty—she was petite and blonde; rather pretty, in fact, than beautiful, but very pretty—her beauty, since men called it that, got her a wide reputation under her stage name, guaranteed her engagements, and secured her a little army of male admirers.

So she found that talent was unnecessary. There was no novitiate of barn-storming for Pen, none of the agonies of one-night stands, never the trial of being stranded in Parksburg or Youngstown. Pen began her career as The Great Exception. She went to Broadway, and, save for a few "two-week runs" in Boston, Chicago and perhaps even Philadelphia, on Broadway she remained. If you were at college in those days, and if I told

WHAT JUDGE LINDSEY SAYS:

The editors of Leslie's are pleased to publish the following letter from Ben B. Lindsey, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Col. Judge Lindsey has an international reputation as an authority upon juvenile delinquency and is the originator of the most significant features of the Juvenile Court system. His hearty endorsement of Leslie's crusade against white slavery is distinctly gratifying to those behind this vital movement.

Judge's Chambers
JUVENILE COURT
Denver, Col.
Ben B. Lindsey, Judge

June 28, 1911

Leslie's Weekly, Brunswick Building,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen:—Please send me those numbers of Leslie's containing Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's articles on "The Girl That Goes Wrong." These numbers are March 23, March 30, April 27, May 11, May 25, and June 8, for which I inclose postage 70 cents.

I want to congratulate Leslie's upon the publication of these splendid articles. Those of us in the juvenile courts know too well the importance of the new problem that may well be called the girl problem. I am coming to think it is more serious than the boy problem. There isn't any question that Mr. Kauffman knows what he is writing about. His stories are in a measure being told almost every day in the juvenile courts of nearly all the large cities.

You have rendered a real service in their publication, and I am sure they will do much good. Education is the main thing, and there can be no education unless there are those who can tell the facts in an entertaining and reliable way such as has been so well done by Mr. Kauffman.

Sincerely yours,

Ben B. Lindsey

you her name, you would remember how you bought her photograph and put it on your mantelpiece, and how you forged her signature upon it in order that your classmates might think she gave it you.

Well, Pen became the vogue. Not a star, you understand—even with a theater-going public such as ours, some vocal quality, some modicum of dramatic ability is required for that—but the vogue, nevertheless. The audiences saw that she was decorative, and the managers saw that the audiences saw it. She appeared upon the programs of all the successful musical comedies, and, though she was neither musical nor a comedienne, she was distinctly a figure. She also drew one—a somewhat more than comfortable salary.

Now, when the average girl reaches such a position on the stage, the average girl keeps it until she marries somebody with more money than she can earn; but Pen was by no means—and that is the whole point of my friend's contention—an average woman. She had offers of marriage—a lot of them—and several were financially flattering; but Pen said she was her own mistress and preferred to remain so. She had more offers of another sort, still more financially flattering; but to these she also replied that she meant to be her own mistress. And these things directly increased her popularity, and so indirectly increased her salary. Well-known dressmakers contended to give

her elaborate gowns, because they knew that the women in her audiences would dress as she did and where she did. One season she set the fashion with a new coiffure. And the next somebody named a cigar for her. This last secured her fame.

But for such a woman the New York restaurants are an important factor—and such a woman is an important factor for the New York restaurants. They are interdependent. It is generally necessary to the woman's special sort of popularity that she sup at elaborate cafes, and it is always necessary to the popularity of the elaborate cafes that such women appear there.

This is sober truth. Consider the river that is Broadway. Consider its tributaries. Consider these streams, the one great and the many scarcely smaller, as they hiss and bubble, in the white night-lights, through the theater district. Along those few miles of curb, their shores are thicker sprinkled with playhouses than are any two blocks of London's Shaftsbury Avenue—more playhouses, one would almost say, than there are castles to be seen along the whole length of the Rhine. Well, for each theater there are half a dozen expensive restaurants, and on the amount of money that it costs to run one restaurant for one night your neighbor's family could live for three years in its accustomed comfort. In this field of industry the laws of competition still work well-nigh unimpaired. Under them the proprietors' course of life staggers along the endless verge of bankruptcy. It proceeds by two rules only: each place must have more elaborate decorations, plate, food—if you may call it food—than the last, and each must secure the patronage of the class that restaurants like to look at while they eat.

It happened that, just as Pen's popularity reached its zenith, the popularity of Mr. John Hewett showed signs of an approaching eclipse. To return to our preceding blend of metaphors, his business was half way over the cliff of bankruptcy and sliding farther.

John Hewett was his real name. On the gilt menus of his gilded restaurant he appeared as "Jean Huet," and to the white-waistcoated young-old men that signed their bills there (and did not pay them) he was fondly known as "Jennie." He had made a good thing of the dining-room in his wife's boarding-house in West Twenty-second Street. They had opened a "French table d'hôte cafe" a score of blocks northward and saved money; then, left a widower and residuary legatee, John had, in an evil moment, been lured into borrowing a small fortune and moving his place of business into a newly erected Doge's palace around the corner on Broadway. The race with destruction had begun immediately, and was now, it seemed, about to end.

"If I could only get the crowd!" he wailed to his lawyer.

He was a frail little man, with a weak face and a waxed mustache, and he had no end of confidence in the legal bulldog that growled him occasional advice at ten dollars per interview.

"That's easy," said the lawyer. "That Broadway crowd doesn't know any more about good food than it knows about good wines. Change the label, and they'll believe that St. Marcel is a dry champagne."

"I've tried that," faltered John.

"I know it—I've dined at your place. What I mean is that this crowd doesn't want food or drink; so long as the one is filling and the other alcoholic, it doesn't care. It's just a flock of sheep that will go anywhere its leaders go. What you want to do is to capture a bellwether."

"Who?" asked Hewett.

"Might as well start with the big game. Try Pen Allyn."

Hewett gasped. "Pen Allyn?"

"Why not? She's got to go somewhere, hasn't she?"

"But how?"

"I'll tell you," said the lawyer—and he did.

The next morning (theatrical time, 1 p. m.), little Hewett found himself, after a forty-five-minute wait, in the presence of Penelope Allyn, who wore a morning gown that looked like Queen Mary's coronation robe. He poured out his woes to her. He told her that she, and she alone, could save him. Precisely as if his name were really Jean Huet, he shed tears.

(Continued on page 131)

How to Obtain Back Numbers

Mr. Kauffman's soul-stirring stories are to be the main feature of LESLIE'S for several months to come. Those wanting back numbers may obtain them as long as the limited supply lasts by forwarding ten cents in coin or stamps for each copy desired. Address—LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The following stories have appeared:

"The Perils of White Slavery."	March 23d
"The Girl That Wanted Ermine."	March 30th
"The Girl That Was Hungry."	April 27th
"The Girl That Wasn't Told."	May 11th
"The Girl That Studied Art."	May 25th
"The Girl That Was Romantic."	June 8th
"The Girl That Was Weak."	June 22d
"The Girl That Went to See."	July 6th
"The Girl That Was Bad."	July 13th

Wanted --- More Railroads

A Plain Talk on a Burning Question

By FRANK W. NOXON of New York, Secretary Railway Business Association

ABOUT two years ago a number of New York manufacturers met at luncheon. You will recall business conditions at that period. The occasion was not a saturnalia of joy. The purpose of that gathering was to discuss what might be done to get railway credit out of the hospital. "What we want," they said, "is orders." Railway legislation, both arrived and en route, was in their thoughts, and, as one after another was invited to rise and articulate his sorrow, the representative of a celebrated concern slowly found his feet and spoke as follows: "There are in the United States about ninety-three million people—mostly misinformed." Whereupon he sat down. Since that sad hour a great deal of water has gone over the wheel. The ninety-three million people have learned many things which they needed to know. Some of those same manufacturers broke bread together recently in Chicago. For most of them, business at the present moment is just where it was two years ago—which is nowhere. Yet what a transformation! One of them recited that inspiring poem:

"Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is small.
The optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

And they were all optimists. They had listened to reports from forty State Legislatures. They were interested in knowing whether there seemed to be danger of anti-railroad measures rushed through in heat and haste, without investigation. Their information was that less legislation of that type would be passed than in any session for years.

A well-known railway executive having interests in the Southwest, recently returning from an inspection of his lines, told the reporters that the spirit of the people in all those States was friendly and that the Legislatures this year had shown a disposition to be fair and considerate. The Arkansas Legislature two years ago passed thirty-two laws affecting railways. This year the editor of a prominent newspaper in that State writes me:

I believe the temper of the people of Arkansas is much more moderate toward the railroads than it was a few years back. I believe that our State Railway Commission is made up of capable conservative men who have not made any very radical demands on the railroads and that their conduct of affairs in their office is approved by the people.

Wisconsin has stood for a type of rigorous regulation of railroads. The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, on March 31st, declared: "Railway interests and shippers' and consumers' interests are interdependent. The roads cannot be scrimped for revenue and weakened in credit without hurting the entire business and economic structure."

Hear this, and guess in what State the newspaper is located:

What is principally needed in this country, what the great body of shippers really want, is railroad facilities and plenty of them. . . . If the present rates are not sufficient . . . then let the rates be raised; . . . Americans are not in the habit of haggling over the price of the things they want.

Do you think you see in those cringing lines the slimy tentacles of the Wall Street octopus? As a matter of fact, the State where that utterance was published passed in 1909 no less than eighteen laws affecting railroads. Its name is Texas and the paper is the *Dallas News*. Listen to the *Houston Post*:

The people of Texas are to be congratulated for the conservatism they exhibited in the pressure of public opinion brought to bear upon their legislative representatives in forestalling the enactment of confiscatory legislation. . . . The relations of the people and the railroads are now amicable.

To which I add that the Texas Legislature in 1911 has adjourned and for the first time in many years not a single measure affecting railroads went on the books.

Where do you think this was printed?

We want and must have more railroads.

Many companies are standing ready to build them and will commence throwing dirt so soon as they are satisfied that they are going to be treated as are other corporate interests.

Let's cut out all animosity, prejudice and cussedness of the past and get down to—

A help ourselves basis.

As long as the railroads are prosperous and interested in the State's welfare the people prosper.

Let's get back to the good old times of railroad building.

Again, do you imagine you see that ooze out of the valley of the shadow of Trinity Church? The truth is that the paper in which it appeared was the *Oklahoma State Capital*, of Guthrie.

The one flaming fact which has burnt itself at last into the public consciousness is that railroad and business development is the main thing. The present chief magistrate of the nation, in a recent message to Congress, declared, "The existing legislation with reference to the regulation of corporations and the restraint of their business has reached a point where we can stop for a while," and recommended that "for the time being the activities of government," among other things, should be directed "to the strengthening of confidence of capital in domestic investment." Chief Judge Martin A. Knapp, of the United States Commerce Court, who stands at the head of our railway judicial system, has said that railroad revenues must be sufficient to provide "a return on railway investments of such amount and so well assured as to attract the necessary capital to improve existing roads and to construct thousands of miles of new lines." The Interstate Commerce



FRANK W. NOXON.

Secretary of the Railway Business Association.

Commission itself, in the recent freight-rate decision, has declared: "Our railroad management should be the most progressive. It should have wide latitude for experiment. It should have such encouragement as would attract the imagination of both the engineer and the investor." And again:

Commerce and industry cannot afford to wait on transportation facilities. . . . Unless our national development has stopped, the business of our railroads must continue to grow. . . . Very large sums must be expended in the way of new construction and new equipment. . . . This capital must be obtained from the investing public. . . . The return must be such as will induce the investment.

"Unless," says Commissioner Prouty, "our national development has stopped." There is the whole railroad question in six words.

Is it true that our national development has stopped? Compare the United States with the countries of the Old World. The population per square mile of the United Kingdom is 342, France 188, Germany 306, Austro-Hungary 171, the United States only 28! We are, among nations, an infant—with a magnificent heritage. Our past and present are nothing compared with our future possibilities. Yet our growth up to the present time has been the wonder of the world. Upon what has that growth been based? It has rested upon the willingness of our leaders to take great risks in the hope of great rewards. The characteristic of Americans is enterprise. We do large things in a large way.

Our miraculous development of gigantic enterprises has brought with it problems of conduct and equity. With these we have grappled. We have been struggling toward a solution of how to regulate evils but preserve the spirit of enterprise. For a few years the necessity for curbing evils looked larger to some of us than the preservation of the spirit of enterprise. We have gone far, perhaps too far, with regulation. There have been signs that enterprise was losing its nerve, that the risk of investment has been made greater and the hope of reward has been made less.

At last we have come to see that mere restriction makes business for nobody. To the manufacturer who desires to extend his markets, the glad tidings of great joy are not that somebody's business is going to be restricted, but that everybody's business is going to be extended, with a share for him. Restriction may be necessary and beneficial as a medicine, but it is not a food. As the Oklahoma editor would say, "Give us railroads; carefully regulated railroads if possible, but give us railroads." There are signs of a return to the enthusiasm with which the people of the far Western States forty years ago stood ready to bond themselves if only they might secure transportation for their products. There is a growing conviction that the hope of reward must be restored; that so long as rates are reasonable for the service performed, no limit ought to be placed upon the profits which can be earned by efficient management and superior enterprise.

What greater or more substantial asset has the nation, or any of its parts, than the good-will which the citizens bear toward one another? When the facts as to the great litigation over freight rates trickled out to the borders of the country, what was the lasting impression? The *Houston (Tex.) Chronicle* said:

The fruits of the rate hearings which are most valuable are . . . that the railroad men and the shippers were drawn together and mutual confidence was increased, distrust lessened and suspicions long rife and harmful in a large measure removed.

Strife between the shipper and the carrier costs the ultimate consumer money. It wastes energy, brains, time and cash. What a blessing it would be to end all such contention and adjust differences as business men do with each other! The consumer would then get the benefit of the best ability and the undivided time of both shipper and carrier. We could all then go about our business of developing the country. Attack upon reputations, questioning of motives, detraction—all this wastes the vital force of the community.

Galveston is obliterated by flood. What remains? Galveston remains—the men of Galveston, their belief that they can come back, their faith in each other. San Francisco is destroyed by earthquake. She actually shows an increase in bank clearings the very next year. The real San Francisco was not destroyed at all.

Baltimore burns. What a small part of the real Baltimore has disappeared in the fumes! The very calamity has made a greater Baltimore. It has brought the men of Baltimore together for common achievement. A community may be visited by a disaster more vital and permanent than flood, fire or earthquake—the people may form the habit of calling one another harsh names. Once that calamity falls, you have destroyed a potent factor in progress. The vital, indispensable asset of the city, the State or the nation is that every man shall be ready to co-operate cordially with any other man on any public project where they happen to agree. Chronic censure and criticism are as baneful as they are cheap and easy. Appreciation is a rare and difficult art, but it blesses both him who gives and him who receives.

Can you doubt, in the face of all I have repeated to you, that a better feeling has come? If you ask how and by whom this transformation has been wrought, I reply that there is glory enough for all. Foremost are the railway men themselves. They have accepted regulation. In all those weeks before the Interstate Commerce Commission, in all those nine thick volumes of printed testimony, you cannot find one syllable of complaint or objection to regulation. Opposition, so far as they are concerned, is ancient history. Acquiescence has become second nature. This alone has sweetened the air and disarmed their

(Continued on page 137.)

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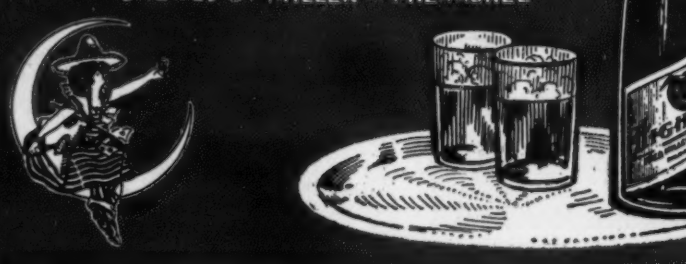
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People Talked About

THE INTELLIGENT readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY often take occasion to acknowledge the value and helpfulness to them of its wealth of pictures. The latest instance of good service by this paper to one of its patrons is also one of the most interesting and pathetic. It concerns the discovery by a sorrowing mother of her long-lost

character. Her virtues have needed no polish of wealth, for they are such as would shine in any walk in life.



THE LONG-LOST SON FOUND BY
 "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

only son. Six years ago Mrs. C. H. Francis, of St. Paul, Minn., suddenly lost all trace of her son John, from whom she had previously been receiving frequent letters. In the issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY of April 27th there was printed the photograph of a mine boy leading a horse. This was one of a number of pictures taken in Kentucky and furnished to this paper by the Bureau of Mines, at Washington. Luckily for her, Mrs. Francis is a reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY and in the mine boy she recognized her own son. She at once wrote to LESLIE'S WEEKLY and was referred to the Bureau of Mines, to whose director she wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR: Will you please give me what information you can in regards to clipping inclosed, picture of young man with cap holding horse by bridle. He looks very much like my son, John Francis, whom I have not heard from for six years. He was in Chili, S. A., at that time. Received many letters from him. He is my only child.

Respectfully,
Mrs. C. H. Francis.

24 W. Central Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Doubtless the bureau promptly answered her, and it is to be hoped that mother and son have now been reunited.

THE NEWSPAPERS have so frequently misreported John D. Rockefeller that we cannot altogether be sure that, as a dispatch from Cleveland asserts, he remarked the other day in that city,



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

To whose help and counsel her husband is said to attribute his great success.

"Had it not been for my wife's business sagacity and her clear insight into affairs, I would be a poor man. Many times her advice has been counter to my ideas, but her judgment has invariably proved the better." But whether the famous captain of industry used those exact words or not, they would have done him credit if he had, and the tribute to Mrs. Rockefeller contained in them is no stronger than his excellent wife deserves. For there is a pleasant story to the effect that in the early days of Mr. Rockefeller's marvelous career, Mrs. Rockefeller interested herself in the details of his business, rendered him all the practical assistance in her power, even kept his books for a time, planned with him continually to extend the business, and, when she no longer acted as bookkeeper, remained his wise confidential adviser. In any case, Mrs. Rockefeller has undoubtedly been a source of strength and inspiration to her husband, as well as to her entire household. It is now everywhere realized that there is no better example of true American womanhood than Mrs. Rockefeller. Averse to the limelight, she avoids all the notoriety of fashionable social life, adorns a happy home, and, by acts of charity and benevolence without number, proves her noble Christian

EVER since she took up her residence in the palace at Madrid, there has been a marked degree of incompatibility between Queen Victoria of Spain and her husband's people. The Queen has, in fact,



QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN.

The woman who has made a real King of her husband.

acquired a vast deal of unpopularity throughout the land. She has been too much of an English woman, too stiff in her ideas of what is fit and proper, too censorious of certain customs of the country, including bull fighting, the national pastime, to suit the populace. But she has, nevertheless, according to recent advices, merited the highest regard from her adopted country, having rendered it at least one conspicuous service for which a more thoughtful nation would be profoundly grateful. Nearly everybody has noted the remarkable change for the better in King Alfonso's conduct and character during the past few years. Formerly overflowing with youthful spirits and given to all manner of boyish pranks, he has latterly matured into a serious-minded and dignified ruler. He is now giving the affairs of his realm earnest, intelligent and unrelenting attention, and is declared to have become one of the Old World's most capable sovereigns. So devoted is he to the interests of his people that he has regained his once lost popularity. This great improvement in Alfonso is attributed to the influence and counsel of Queen Victoria, who has evidently striven to have him pattern himself after the best English style of ruler and has succeeded in making a real King of him.

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In answering advertisements, please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

The Woman That Succeeded

(Continued from page 128.)

Pen was touched. She was nothing, at that time, if not good-natured, and she was touched.

"Only how on earth can I help you?" she inquired.

"You can eat," sobbed Hewett.

"I do," said Pen.

"But at my place, at the Whitelight. You can eat there—the food is not bad, really—and if you were only to make it your custom to come there every night after the theater—and tell your friends—and sit at a table that I shall reserve for you, in the very center—and it should become known, then others—then all the flock of them, I am sure, would be sure—" Hewett lost himself in the web of his sentence and spread wide his wet, appealing palms. "Don't you see?" he ended.

Pen smiled. After all, it was flattering.

"Yes," she said, "I see; but—"

"I will pay you a regular price per meal," said the eager proprietor.

Pen wouldn't hear of that, but she agreed to come regularly to the Whitelight, and she kept her word. Every night, surrounded by a changing court of admirers, she went there, and, as the scheme succeeded and the crowd followed her, she got to like it. She finished by liking it better than she liked the stage. The admiration was more direct, it was more personal, it was closer at hand and she was the star performer. Besides, she could order, and did order, whatever extravagance teased her fancy, and it cost her nothing. She became extremely fond of palatable extravagances, both solid and liquid.

The time came, of course, when the restaurant interfered with the theater; so she gave up the theater. She did it deliberately. She had become a professional beauty, and she proposed to devote all her attention to that. She would, she clearly saw, have to depart from the ways that society considered virtuous; but it would pay better than the theater, if properly managed, and she was sure that she would prefer it. Therefore, as I have said, just about the time that she had changed Hewett's fortunes for the better, she changed her own.

Why?

I wish I could tell you—"for certain," as the children say. As it is, all that I can tell you is what, just about this time, she told me. I can add only that she was always frank.

"I've done it because I like this life," she said. "I like the admiration. I like the attention. I like to come into a big restaurant, all so full of lights and clatter and hurrying waiters and well-dressed men and women. And then, as I sail up the room, with a good-looking fellow or two in attendance, I like to see the waiters drop their other work and hurry to clear a way for me. I like to see the head waiter bowing and scraping to me and ordering half a dozen assistants to rearrange the best table and bring on more expensive flowers. I like to hear all the careless clatter stop, to hear all those laughing, well-dressed men and women become silent, and to see them look at me. I like to hear them whisper, 'There she is! Isn't she splendid?' And I like to pretend not to hear them and not to care."

"But," I recall suggesting, "you know that they know—everything?"

"I don't care if they do. What makes me proud is that they have to admire, in spite of all they know of me. I suppose it's got me, this life, just the way that the opium habit gets some other people."

There, it seems to me, she hit it. The excitement of Broadway's night phase was food to her, and its admiration was strong drink. The fact that she paid for it with her sense of right and wrong, and the fact that it necessitated other rich food and genuine strong drink—these things she refused to reckon.

The price—it is a pity that she did not reckon upon the price, for in her slim prettiness, if for nothing else, she was so well worth saving!

I can see her yet as she was in 1905—with the figure of a young girl and the delicate, oval face of a sensitive child. Those were her charms; the best of dressmakers, the highest-priced of milliners could but provide a frame—they could accentuate, but they could not enhance the lithe body, the gracious ease

of movement, the almost severely classic lines of chin and lips and nose and the eyes that were big and round and clear.

Well, she had her ideal and she achieved it, because she was a free agent. Because she was no slave, she became her own bondwoman. Because she was deliberate, she could select her way and follow it carefully. She was the Great Exception still. She was the one woman in the thousands—the rare variant that those who belittle all anti-slavery agitation, sane or insane, forever harp upon. She contracted none of the ills peculiar to her business; she made money, and she saved it.

Mark what happened.

This, though Pen and a great many people that regard themselves as far better are slow to admit it, remains a world wherein nobody has ever yet evolved a means of getting something for nothing. "It was," says Carlyle, "from of old said, The loser pays." He does pay; but so, be forever sure, does also the gainer. Not always directly, often indirectly, generally a bit at a time, and almost always in secret—but he pays. For the term of our natural life the body moral is bound to the physical body, and between them action and reaction are opposite and equal.

Given all other immunity, in Pen's profession, as in all professions, what you do must leave its mark. The public woman that escapes perils by the way-side goes straight on to the peril that is at the end of the way. Having beauty, her work requires that she sacrifice it before its time; having youth, she gives youth for her daily food. Her supply is limited by the limits of the human constitution. What she gets is admiration and money; what she gives to get these things is something that must exhaust itself before she has got all that she wants. It is geometrical progression physically applied.

Remember, I repeat, that Pen succeeded. Remember that she put money aside. Remember that she achieved just what she wanted, that she gained a pinnacle gained by but one in many thousands. And, as I say, mark what happened.

What happened to Pen was that she grew fat.

Funny, isn't it?

But wait.

Pen never neglected her mirror. She passed, daily, hours before it. She had to. And though, at last, she began to be a little blind to some of the things she saw there, she one day admitted that the beautiful lines of her throat were growing less distinct; she was getting a double chin.

Pen weighed herself and found to her consternation that she was ominously overweight.

She went each noon to a Turkish bath, where she was steamed among a score of other women, whose appearance was repulsive to her, but who were there on errands similar to her own. Yet her weight increased. She passed her lonely hours with her chin in a compress—to no good end. She sought a doctor.

"You must take exercise," said the doctor.

"I hate it!" cried Pen.

The doctor shrugged, and Pen exercised rigorously. But she gained weight and so reported.

"Well," said the doctor, "we must go further. No late hours. No rich food. Plenty of sleep of a rational sort. And no wine."

Pen puckered her mouth—and her mouth was still pretty.

"Why don't you tell me some easier way?" she inquired.

"That is what everybody wants," answered the doctor—"an easier way. But there is none."

It came, finally, to this: the life she loved had demanded all of her that made the life she loved love her. Pen hesitated; but she had already made her choice. "It's like the opium habit," she had said. She didn't want the thing that she would gain at the price of the doctor's regimen. She wanted to "go ahead"—and go ahead she did.

At first she did not notice the subtle changes, but the changes were there.

There was a gradual shifting in the types of men that courted her favors. These men were once of middle life, rich, prominent, known, smart. Then there came, in the place of the earlier suitors, callow lads from college, who

(Continued on page 134.)

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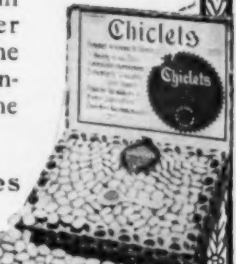
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Assistant Treasurer of the
United States, New York
City.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE CREDULITY of the American people passes all human understanding. I have seen bunco gamblers go among a circus crowd in a country town and swindle the people before their very eyes. I have stood on a street corner and seen apparently intelligent men delude themselves that they were buying gold watches from an oily-tongued peddler for a couple of dollars apiece. My readers have all probably seen similar sights. Is it surprising that men and women will buy beautifully lithographed shares of mining stocks when they are offered at from one cent to five cents a share?

How long ago was it when people all over this country, after reading attractive page advertisements about the Lewis publications, were pouring their money into the coffers of the St. Louis promoter who has just been indicted by the Federal courts on the charge of misusing the mails? He started a number of magazines and papers and it is said that he took in over \$8,000,000. He was to be the people's champion. In his circulars he warned the people against intrusting their money to Wall Street or to the hands of bankers and usurers. He begged them to send their money to him and told them how good he was, how he loved the people and how much money he proposed to make for everybody. What did he do with all he got? Let the court tell.

Only the other day a magazine in Boston failed and the whole outfit was sold for \$2,500, yet it had sold over \$500,000 of stock at par to people who believed its exaggerated promises of enormous dividends and great profits. This sort of work is still going on and the old game is being played of paying dividends not out of earnings, but out of proceeds of sales of stock. Just as soon as the people will no longer bite at the bait, dividends will cease.

One of the ablest lawyers in New York City, commenting on the credulity of the people, said to me recently, "The people believe whatever they see in the newspapers and the magazines. They may be contented, happy and satisfied; but some silver-tongued demagogue comes along, or some muck-raking writer with an attractive style appears, and the situation changes. They tell the people that they are unhappy, that they are not receiving their share of the riches of the country, that they are being ground down by avaricious and selfish 'interests,' and, the first thing you know, all these contented, well-fed and satisfied people become discontented and dissatisfied. Yet it is for no reason at all." Is there any question that this is true?

I read in the Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal the other day a most remarkable story. It was headed, "Man Who Wasn't Sick Took Medicine and Died."

It went on to tell of a man who had just died at Gloversville. Six weeks ago a traveling doctor came along and met the man, who was strong, able and healthy. The man thought he had a little rheumatism in his wrist and the traveling doctor prevailed upon him to use an ointment. It appeared to work a cure. Thereupon the quack prevailed upon his unfortunate victim to take a lot of powerful medicines for internal diseases that the man never had.

The patient began to lose flesh, his teeth loosened, his gums ulcerated and he continued to fail until death ensued. The autopsy showed an irritant poison in the stomach, and it was found that the quack had been giving him heavy doses of mercury, which had inflamed the stomach and intestinal tract. So this strong man, a member of a prominent church, a person of influence in the community, was actually led to believe by a quack that he was so sick that he needed the services of a doctor, and death paid the penalty.

Is this not convincing proof that my lawyer friend was right? Is it not a lesson to all of my readers, and especially to those who believe all that they read in the newspapers and in the magazines and who listen to the voice of the demagogue and the blatherskite seeking public acclaim and public preferment at the people's expense?

It would be a matter of small consequence if human credulity affected only a few. We could do with the unfortunate victims of credulity what is done with the victims of insanity—that is, put them safely away by themselves in institutions adapted to their care. But when the masses are misled, as they have been during the past few years, by constant onslaughts on our men of wealth and on our industrial and railway corporations, prosperity sustains a severe check and everybody suffers. Note the number of mills, factories and furnaces running on short time at present, and charge it up to the muck-rakers and the yellow journals.

In the days of the peaceful McKinley, our captains of industry were acclaimed. Every community welcomed them. They were asked to put their money in new industries, to open new mines and new oil fields, and to build new railroads. They were promised the inducement of generous returns if they would take the chances. Now the very communities that invited these investors are taxing them to death and driving them out of the State. And the great Federal government at Washington, which, under McKinley, was protecting and encouraging American industries, is making it extremely hard for the corporations and the railroads to obey the law, because there are as many interpretations of the meaning of the law as there are lawyers to interpret it. The reign of the muck-raker and the yellow journalist had not come in McKinley's day. Are we any happier or more prosperous now than we were then? Let my readers answer.

The stock market's dullness continues. Every one is waiting to see whether the corn crop will meet the early expectations of prognosticators. The fact that these expectations have been disappointed in reference to hay, wheat, oats, rye, potatoes and other important crops

(Continued on page 133.)

Now Ready for Investors

Information regarding new and later developments in the affairs and business of

United States Light and Heating Company

Capital, \$17,500,000,
and

Buck Head Rice Co.

Capital, \$1,000,000.
Circulars on request.

SLATTERY & CO.

Dealers in Stocks and Bonds
Est. 1908. 40 Exchange Place, New York

We own and offer, subject to prior sale

\$50,000

Sherbrooke Railway & Power Co.

1st MORTGAGE 5's

To yield about 6%

The Company has recently acquired the Lennoxville Light & Power Company, the Stanstead Electric Company and the Eastern Townships Electric Company.

These acquisitions, together with the anticipated completion within a few weeks of considerable extensions to the street car system, increase the potential earnings of the Company to a point much beyond what was conservatively estimated when the bonds were first offered.

Sherbrooke 5's may be purchased on the Periodical Payment Plan.

Send for Circular S. H. 72

Carlisle & Company

BANKERS AND BROKERS

74 Broadway New York

Reliable Real Estate Investments

Shares in a Fine Large Hotel proposition. No watered stock. Send for prospectus.
20,000 acres Timber Land in Louisiana.
A large Apartment House proposition.

THOS. F. NORRIS, Real Estate
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GET A FARM HOME NOW

We have farms for all, both great and small. In 21 states: from New York to North Dakota: from Michigan to Missouri. For free list of fine farms ask B. F. McBurney & Co., 703 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Get Ready—

Announce your offerings now before the Financial Columns are filled with offerings for the Fall business. The readers of

Leslie's Weekly

will be interested in new investment announcements, and if they are made now the chances will be better than when there will be a flood of offerings.

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Send in your copy for the next issue. The Financial Advertising pages close every Wednesday.

Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

225 Fifth Avenue, - - New York

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 132.)

has given a pessimistic turn to affairs. It has caused some to estimate that, instead of a \$9,000,000,000 addition to the national wealth from crop returns, we shall have at least \$1,000,000,000 less. I do not agree with these figures. It must be borne in mind that the crop shortage will probably be more than made up by the natural increase in prices. Nor can we forget that both cotton and corn still promise excellent returns. But in the present condition of uncertainty the leaders who represent the heaviest holders of stocks and are expected to start the upward movement at a favorable turn are inclined to be inactive. Under existing conditions I still believe that it is not a good time to sell stocks and that purchases on recessions can be made by those who have both faith and patience.

K. Groveton, N. H.: The Boston & Maine Railroad was referred to. Better leave the mining stocks alone.

S. Portland, Me.: The broker who deals in industrial stocks of the higher class to which you refer I think is Thomas C. Perkins, Hartford, Conn.

L. Gap, Pa.: I do not advise the purchase of insurance stocks. Most of them are offered on prospectuses that contain very exaggerated statements.

D. Utica, N. Y.: Va. Car. Chem. Com. sold last year from 40 to 60, and this year from 43 to 52. It is a fair speculation but no better than Beet Sugar Com.

H. Mattoon, Wis.: I never heard of the Horse Shoe Corporation. It has no connection with Wall Street. A mercantile agency report might be helpful.

Stung, Brookline, Mass.: I do not know enough about the company's affairs to be able to advise, but I always hesitate to recommend throwing good money after bad.

H. Vicksburg, Miss.: I know nothing about the Sargent Cigar & Plantation concern. It has no connection with Wall Street. As a rule I do not recommend plantation stocks.

C. Quincy, Mass.: When the par value of a stock is increased, it simply means that new shares of a smaller number, but having the same value, as the original shares, will be issued to the stockholders.

M. Chattanooga, Tenn.: A simple glance at the proposition that offers you such a "sure thing" at ten cents a share ought to be sufficient to answer your questions. Leave all such schemes alone.

S. Chicago, Ill.: The Colonial Mining Co. of Arizona appears to be a prospect on which a good deal of money will be required before its value can be developed. I can get no financial statement.

R. L. Dixon, Ill.: I cannot advise you in reference to American Malted Food Co. stock. It is in a highly competitive field, however, and I think you could do better by buying a Wall Street security.

S. Hazlehurst, Miss.: I would not advise anyone to throw good money after bad. It was a mistake for you to buy an oil stock selling at 5 cents a share and the assessment is exactly what might have been anticipated.

M. Middleton, Ia.: St. Paul Com. ranged last year from 114 to 158 and Lehigh Valley from 173 to 186. Both are among the better class of railroad stocks and in an active and rising market should prove profitable purchases.

C. Cleveland, O.: You are right in your judgment of the scheme which offers to save you 30 per cent. on your tires if you will become a stockholder in the United Motors Co. I would not advise you to enter into the project.

W. B. Troy, N. Y.: I think well of Ontario & Western and American Beet Sugar Com. The former pays dividends of 2 per cent. per annum, and the latter could pay twice that if the report of its earnings is accurately given.

B. Cranston, R. I., and W. Austin, Tex.: A large number of rubber plantation companies have been organized, most of them for stock-selling purposes. I never heard of the one to which you refer. If you can get your money back advise you to do it.

Small Investor, Portland, Me.: Six per cent. mortgage bonds in small denominations of \$100 are offered by S. W. Straus & Co., bond bankers, Dept. 294, State Building, Chicago, Ill. Write for them for a free copy of their "Investor's Magazine."

H. Los Angeles, Cal.: The trouble with all such stocks as you suggest which are purely local is that in case of an emergency it is sometimes very difficult to realize on them while if you purchase a Wall Street security you can always find a market at some price.

S. Ottoville, O.: The little circular you send does not impress me as worthy of attention. If you can sell the stock and get your money back, or anything like it, it would be wise to do so. Bear in mind that it is always well to avoid propositions that guarantee too much.

A. P. Seattle, Wash.: I would not advise a "widow with little money" to have anything to do with speculative securities. The Erie Railroad has been through bankruptcy twice. While it is a good property it requires a great deal of money to put it on its feet. It must be regarded as highly speculative.

T. Patterson, La.: B. R. T. has an extensive and valuable property, but the bonded indebtedness ahead of the stock is heavy. The price looks high enough for the present. I have no doubt that it and Va. Car. Chem. in an advancing market would strengthen because they are liable to be among the active stocks.

H. San Francisco, Cal.: The prospectus of the Standard Motor Construction, strengthened as it was by the appearance of the name of an eminent naval constructor, the Hon. Lewis Nixon, as its president, justified confidence in the proposition. The officials owe it to the stockholders to make a full explanation.

P. Englewood, N. J.: It looks to me as if the situation of the Crucible Steel Company would be improved by its acquisition of the Pittsburgh Crucible Steel and the Crucible Coal Co. properties. This can only be demonstrated, however, when the business revival comes. There are signs of improvement in the iron trade.

G. Carnegie, Pa.: It is not advisable to sell stocks after a period of depression and liquidation. Chances at such a time favor an advance rather than a decline. Crucible Steel makes a good report of earnings, and while no one can positively predict the business outlook I regard chances as rather in its favor than against it.

M. Pittsfield, Mass.: I advise you to write to Hon. Lewis Nixon, the president, and ask him for such a statement as you desire and such a one as the stockholders of the Standard Motor Construction Co. are fairly entitled to. If he fails to give it to you please advise me. 2. I think well of Pennsylvania Southern Com. and U. S. L. & H. for speculation.

C. Galveston, Tex.: Anaconda looks like a better purchase than Goldfield Con. The copper market eventually seems bound to improve, while on the other hand insiders seem to have been getting rid of their Goldfield on every chance. Unless new ore bodies are developed in the latter I do not think that the present rate of dividends can be maintained in the iron trade.

M. Baltimore, Md.: American Steel Foundry is decidedly speculative. U. S. L. & H. Pfd. more than earns the 7 per cent. dividends it pays and its officers tell me that it has ample orders on hand. I look upon it as a business man's speculation. The listing of the shares will probably help both the Pfd. and Common. The latter is not a dividend payer.

Installment, Providence, R. I.: You can buy securities on the installment plan. Certain brokers deal in stocks on that basis. Carlisle & Co., bankers and brokers, 74 Broadway, New York, are offering a first mortgage on the periodical payment plan on a

basis to yield about 6 per cent. Write for their "Circular S. H. No. 72."

M., Memphis, Tenn.: The National Light, Heat & Power Co. is a holding company which has acquired gas and electric companies in a number of cities of moderate size scattered throughout the country. The Pfd. stock has paid 5 per cent. dividends regularly. I would not class it among the "safe investments." It comes more in the line of a business man's speculation.

R., New York: 1. I do not advise the purchase of stocks subject to assessment because as a rule they sell cheaper after the assessment has been declared than before and sometimes cheaper after the assessment has been paid. 2. A broker will only carry his customer as far as the margin will warrant. It would hardly warrant paying a liberal assessment.

Hotel Stock, Albany, N. Y.: 1. A great deal of money has been made during the past few years by the construction of modern hotels in our growing cities where hotel facilities have been woefully inadequate. 2. The only proposition of the kind that I know of now is that being offered by Thomas F. Norris, Real Estate, Dept. L., Detroit, Mich. He will be glad to give any of my readers particulars.

S Per Cent. New Orleans, La.: The U. S. Light and Heat Co. has just declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. on its pref. It now has the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of electric lighting equipment located at Niagara Falls, N. Y. The stock has been selling recently at 8 1/2 so that it yields about 8 per cent. to the purchaser. Slattery & Co., brokers, 40 Exchange Pl., New York, deal largely in U. S. Light and Heat and will buy one or more shares.

C., New Rochelle, N. Y.: I cannot forecast the result of the Ice Company investigation. It looks more like a persecution than a prosecution. It is unfortunate that the president of the company seems to have invited unnecessary and undesired criticism. A profit is always a good thing to take; yet, compared with other industries, ice looks cheap. I have no doubt that if the management were in stronger hands the stock would sell higher and the company be in better condition.

Safe and Sure: I advise you to divide your money and diversify your investment. By distributing it in this way judiciously you may not only get the advantage of an investment but also of a speculation if you desire to sell your securities when the market rises. Readers are invited to write to Spencer Trask & Co., Investment Bankers, 43 Exchange Place, New York, for their "Circular No. 54" on "Judicious Investments." This circular is well worth reading by any who may have a large or small amount to invest.

B., Owosso, Mich.: 1. I know nothing about the new patent device to which you refer. Lots of such things are put on the market at fictitious values. It is a good rule to leave them alone. 2. No one knows the exact moment when stocks are the best purchase. If crops should prove to be up to the average, and especially corn and cotton, a better market might naturally be expected. I think well of U. S. L. & H. Pfd. as a better year of Beet Sugar Common, especially the latter for a long pull.

L. L. Marion, N. Y.: 1. It is impossible to predict what stocks are likely to have the greatest advance in the near future if the market should strengthen. Much depends upon what lines are taken up by the heavy speculators who always lead in market movements. Sometimes they have a preference for industrials of a certain character and at others they take up certain railroad shares, and concentrate their interests in that direction. For a long pull among the best on your list I would include Texas Pacific, O. & W. Seaboard and Corn Products Co.

2. The future of the market depends largely upon the outcome of the crops and especially corn and cotton.

R., Shiremanstown, Pa.: 1. U. S. Light & Heat Com. has been selling around \$2 a share. It represents a company engaged in heating and lighting cars by electric power generated from the axles. Its officers include a number of prominent railroad men. The stockholders have just voted to make par value of the shares \$100 instead of \$10, preliminary to listing it. This will mean that the present holder will get one \$100 share for every ten \$10 shares he now holds. I called attention to this stock when it sold at a little over \$1 a share. 2. John Muir & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York, deal in this stock as well as in all the other unlisted or listed securities.

H., Sheboygan, Wis.: 1. I am unable to report on the responsibility of firms. Appearances are often deceiving. 1 advise you to get a mercantile agency report. 2. Any broker will sell stock of any kind for you. 3. I do not blame you for wishing to sell your magazine stock. Harvey A. Willis & Co., 32 Broadway, New York, sell stocks of any character for my readers if a market can be found. 4. The responsibility of the broker must be judged, as that of any business man, by what he does for his clients and the reputation he has secured. I have known brokers to have fine offices and every appearance of prosperity, yet they proved to be untrustworthy. Members of the leading exchanges are more highly regarded because of such membership.

B., Shokan, N. Y.: I would advise you to get as much money as you can out of your magazine stock and be content. I have repeatedly called attention to the fact that enormously exaggerated statements have been made concerning the earnings of the magazines. The experience of those who invested in the Lewis publications in which the public, it is said, sunk over \$5,000,000 ought to be a warning. Lewis has just been indicted by the U. S. Court on charges of fraudulent use of the mails. Three stock-selling magazines have failed within the past year. One of them had sold over \$500,000 worth of stock and at bankrupt sale the assets realized \$2,500 and the stockholders will not receive a cent. I am surprised that the public have been deceived so flagrantly.

Beginner, Memphis, Tenn.: 1. Two hundred and fifty dollars is sufficient with which to begin operations on Wall Street on a fairly liberal basis. You can send your check to any broker and ask him to credit you with it and pay you interest until it is used. You can advise with him in reference to your purchases or direct him to buy any stock that you may like. 2. I would not trade on a smaller margin than 50 per cent. 3. You could buy ten shares of American Beet Sugar Com. or Ontario & Western, but you might have to wait with a little patience for a profit. The market is not likely to advance very rapidly until the crop situation is more clearly disclosed. 4. Write to J. F. Pierson, Jr., & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 74 Broadway, New York, for the free booklet on "Fractional Lot Trading."

NEW YORK, July 27, 1911. JASPER.

Advertisers Like Leslie's.

(From the Chicago Mail Order Journal.)

EVIDENCE of the value of LESLIE'S to advertisers is just being furnished by a nicely gotten up pamphlet, containing photographic reproductions of letters of fourteen well-known large advertisers, bearing testimony to the great value of LESLIE'S as an advertising medium. In addition, the pamphlet contains a statement of circulation by States, showing one of 340,938, and also a comparative statement of rates, showing that it costs one cent to reach forty-eight subscribers of LESLIE'S, the oldest illustrated weekly in America. In our last issue the circulation of LESLIE'S was, owing to a typographical error, given as to exceed 200,000, while it ought to have read over 300,000. LESLIE'S prestige of fifty years' standing should be of greatest value to national advertisers.

Look Inside the Watch Case for the Name "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss"

The cheapening process that has crept into the watch-case business has hurt the legitimate jewelry store.

Too often the jeweler himself has been blinded by the "guarantee" stamped inside a low-grade case.

You are partly to blame because you inquire about the movement of a watch and pay little attention to the case.

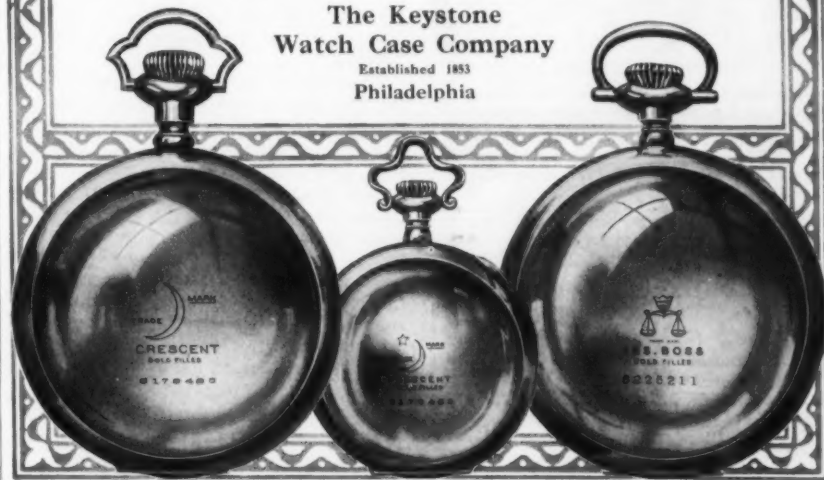
Thousands of filled cases are sold every day with the

layers of gold so thin that the engraving or engine-turning can not be done with a diamond-pointed tool. It is merely burnished on. Such a case may be stamped "guaranteed for 20 years" when it will not wear twenty weeks.

You can be sure of legitimate value if you will insist on a "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" gold-filled case and look for our trademarks. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Company

Established 1853
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10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory in Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. One of the most remarkable typewriters in the world; not excelled by any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Given Away for a very small service. No selling necessary. To get one free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Dept. 64, Union Bank Building

Established 20 Years

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Pabst Beer for Temperance

With only about three and one-half per cent alcohol

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is truly a temperance drink. Exhilarating without undue stimulation it is a refreshing beverage for hot summer days. Order a case today.

Best Dealers Everywhere.



In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

This Portable Fireproof Garage



is the only absolutely fireproof portable garage. Made of galvanized steel. No wood. As handsome and substantial as masonry at one-third the cost. Lasts a life time. You can put up or take down in a few hours. All parts interlock and no frame work or foundation is required. Every such a substantial, fireproof, portable building. By the

PRUDEN SYSTEM of Portable Fireproof Construction

We also build ideal cottages, hunting lodges, boat houses, work shops, etc. Every Pruden building is guaranteed.

Get Our Free Catalog auto and model number for catalog and price of suitable size garage. Write today.

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The Biggest Surprise of the Age

Post Card Photos on Paper Direct NO NEGATIVES

Here's a chance for hustlers and wide-awake men and women to start in business. Healthful, outdoor work. No experience needed. Picnics, carnivals, fairs and all outdoor attractions offer unlimited opportunities to ambitious people. The

Mandel Combination No. 1 Camera is the biggest money-getter today. This camera makes 3 styles of photos—Post cards (3x4), miniature post cards (2x3)—on paper direct, no negatives. Also 1 inch photo buttons. Price of this camera \$40; profits on additional supplies 500%. Other Post Card Cameras, \$10 to \$100. Write today for Booklet and Circular FREE.

Chicago Ferrettype Co., Dept. 67, Congress and LaSalle Sts., Chicago

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody." "How? Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. Live a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." **THE MORLEY PHONE** for the

DEAF makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

Price, \$5 Complete

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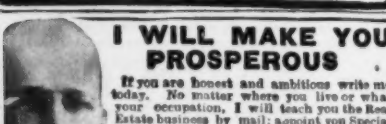
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

I Earn \$35.00 A Week as a BUFFALO GRADUATE



"They made me an expert chauffeur in a few weeks time (right in my own home). The model they give free to every student and their easy lessons made it a cinch for me to learn." We'll do the same for you. We give our graduates addresses to parties requiring chauffeurs and wait till they're located for one-third the cost of the course. Small down payment starts you. Free samples of lessons, letters complimenting our method, and Hand Lessons. Let us prepare you for the jobs that get the money. **BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL, 361 Edward Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

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NOW I HEAR WHISPERS



with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them—they are perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. July 12, 1908

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY

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66 ADELAIDE STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

AGENTS! 100% PROFIT



Can Be Retailed at \$2 Fully Guaranteed

New patented Automatic Razor. Stropless. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices and territories.

E. Brandt Cutlery Co., 34 W. Broadway, N.Y.

I will send as long as they last my 25c Book

Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full page halftone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands, without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

1205 Barker Bldg., 110 West 43d Street, New York

The Woman That Succeeded

(Continued from page 131.)

courted not Pen, but a reputation for gilded wickedness by being seen with Pen; who hid their ignorance of Broadway restaurants under a loudness of manner, and who found a false courage for false deeds and false vows in more champagne than was good for them. Several were dismissed from college because of her and one was found in the East River. Yet they, too, fell away and were followed by men with bulging waistcoats and gray hair or no hair at all—men that aped youth while their heavily veined hands trembled, men that did not sugar-coat their talk. One of these, a bank clerk, was sent to Sing Sing.

These changes in her admirers were but the reflections of changes in Pen. Her face was no longer the face of a sensitive child; it was no longer oval; it was round. Her body was no longer that of a young girl; it was what, by a strange twist of the word, we call matronly. Her movements were neither lithe nor gracious; they were always heavy and sometimes clumsy, and the utmost pains of constantly shifted dress-makers availed nothing. The chin was now unmistakably double; the lips were a little valley between the cheeks; the nose was a negative quantity, and the eyes, when one at all noticed them, were not clear.

The Broadway crowd responded—or, rather, failed to respond. There was no stir of attention when Pen entered a cafe. The women did not raise their eyes from their escorts to study her clothes and her figure. Nobody said, "There she is!" Nobody said anything. And the waiters were less attentive.

Pen had occasionally wavered in her fidelity to the Whitelight but now she renewed it, and, for a while, Hewett, who possessed a certain small share of the sense of gratitude, received her with a tempered cordiality. You have understood that, when in the first days she preferred to sup alone at the Whitelight—as, by whim, she sometimes did—there was no charge; but among these latter evenings there came one when she supped alone by force of circumstances, and when she had finished, the head waiter amazed her by presenting a bill.

"What's this?" asked Pen, staring at the paper as if she had never seen such a thing before.

"The bill, madam."

Under her rouge, Pen went pale.

"You're new here, aren't you?" she demanded.

"Two years, madam."

"That accounts for it. Tell Mr. Hewett that Miss Penelope Allyn wants to see him."

"Mr. Hewett, ma'am?"

"Well, M. Huette, then. It's the same thing."

Hewett came—still wax-mustached and fresh-cheeked, but grown vastly important.

"See here, Hewett," said Pen; "this fresh guy head waiter of yours has given me a bill!"

Hewett blushed. He was apologetic. He tore up the bill.

But he did not send for the head waiter, and the next time that Pen supped alone at the Whitelight she got a bill again.

Then Hewett was outspoken. He was very sorry, but it must be. He could no longer make exceptions; the business had grown—

"Who started it growing for you?" asked Pen.

Oh, he knew that, did Hewett, and he was grateful. But time had passed, and in the past he had given enough suppers to Miss Allyn to repay all her old kindness.

Pen laid down a yellow-backed bill.

"Keep the change, Jennie," she said, and swished out of the place.

She was well to do, she had no fear of poverty; but her love of the Broadway night life had grown with experience, the habit was part of her being, and it was with a shock that she realized that the evenings when there were no wooers, when she must perform sup alone, were more and more frequent. Still, sup in public she would, and, in order to show Hewett that she could pay his highest prices, she chose often the Whitelight. She was sure that those prices were regularly raised for her especial benefit, but she would not so much as "add up"

the bill. Because she was so lonely, she would sometimes, though not often, grow a little drunk, and the other patrons would smile.

Then, one evening, when—as was now a necessary precaution—she had reserved her old table by telephone, she entered in the wake of a much becloaked young woman surrounded by a bevy of men. She heard the stir that she had so often heard in other days. She saw the women raise their eyes, and the men raise eyes of a different sort. She heard them say, "There she is! Isn't she splendid?" There was the familiar scurry of attendant waiters—and the other woman, a mere chit of a girl, with the face of a child and the slim figure of a graduate, was shown to the place that had been Pen's.

Pen turned and encountered Hewett in the center of the room.

"I reserved that table!" she said.

She pointed and she spoke loudly. People wheeled in their chairs and grinned at the fun.

"Hush!" pleaded Hewett. "I'm sorry. There was some mix-up. You shall have this excellent table over here."

He indicated a shadowy corner.

"Not much!" cried Pen. "I'll have my own! Who's this that's got it?"

In low breaths Hewett told her. It was Cicely Morton, the new professional beauty. Everybody was wild about her.

Pen bit her lip. What she had long known could no more be denied: other women had come and gone, other women had become the talk of the town—New York, who loves so intensely and so briefly, had forgotten her.

She rebelled in the only way that she understood rebellion. She swore at Hewett. The little proprietor, seeing that a scene could not be avoided, resolved to make this scene final. He told her that she was a nuisance and that she was not again to enter the Whitelight. Penelope seized a water bottle from the nearest table and hit him with it. She was hustled into the street, disheveled, torn, haggard—not pretty to look at. She was arrested and taken to the Night Court. Hewett refused to press the charge, but the newspapers printed funny stories. It was all very humorous.

That was the end's beginning. Pen had long since ceased to be Broadway's idol; she now became its joke. The Big Street's population changes yearly, and the newcomers knew not Penelope Allyn. What had happened at the Whitelight repeated itself, with unessential variations, at many restaurants. Often, as she walked the pavement of an afternoon, she heard the younger women giggle at her; once, when she filed out of a cafe with a decrepit man whose companionship she had virtually hired, she heard a wife say,

"Who's that awful old harridan?"

And the husband, who had once begged permission to kiss Pen's hand, adjusted his glasses, scrutinized her and responded,

"Bless me! I don't know. Fierce, isn't she?"

And she was still, in years, what most of us call young.

So Pen, you see, succeeded. She was the Great Exception that my friend had talked about and insisted upon. She contracted none of the illnesses peculiar to her profession. She saved money. She has not paid one fraction more for her sort of life than is, even in the case of the one woman in thousands, absolutely and by the greatest possible exertion of human precaution necessary. But the minimum price even the Great Exception has to pay.

Music, mirth, human companionship—she can have them, when at all, in return for nothing but dollars and cents. What her beauty and her youth once paid for she has now to pay for with the money that her youth once earned.

She has rented, has Pen, an expensive apartment in a Broadway hotel, where, when she hasn't the courage to go out with a hired escort and be laughed at in the places that once were shrines in her honor, she can lean from the window and see the night lights and hear the latter of the cabs and motors, and occasionally catch—or think she catches—the sound of music from the Whitelight.

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"Its purity has made it famous."

For home and office.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

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CLOTH BOUND BOOKS OF FICTION Second hand and slightly used books at a greatly reduced price. Write for our free lists. **A. R. Rutledge Company, Detroit, Mich.**

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CLARK'S "ARABIC" CRUISE Feb. 4, \$400 up for 71 days. All expenses. 6 High-Class Round the World Tours. Sent. 10c. 21 and monthly to Jan. inclusive. **FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York**

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12 Drinking Cups 10c. Send for this sample dozen. Carry a sanitary "Wastie" cup (the different cup) in pocket or bag. Convenient for shoppers, travelers, or vacationists. Dries immediately and returns to dirt-proof container. Each lasts a week. Agents and salesmen wanted. Good profit. **Wastie Cup Co., 4044 Kenmore Ave., Chicago**

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. THOUSANDS OF dollars for anyone who can write successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. **ACCEPTANCE GUARANTEED IF AVAILABLE.** Washington only place to secure copyright. **H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 218, Washington, D. C.**

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Only Materials of the Highest Grades Scientifically Blended are Used

On the Character of Candy Depends its Fitness for Gift Making

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It will ease your Mind; I will ease your Feet. Enlarged Joints Reduced and Toes Straightened by **ACHFELDT'S (Patented) "Perfection" TOE SPRING** Worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use. Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented. Use My Improved Instep Arch Supporter for "Flat Feet" and broken down instep. Send outline of foot. Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope. **M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist** Dept. M G, 165 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK

Farewell to the Extra Session Idlers.

(Continued from page 121.)

the South there is a system by which negroes farm the land and in return receive half of the proceeds of the crop. The land-owner does no work. With this in mind and upon hearing of the effort to induce newcomers to settle there, the negro protested, "Fo' de Lawd's sake, don't you bring no mo' heah! We all has already got mo' white folks than we can support." "That plea, Mr. Attorney-General," said the story-teller, "we, who are friends of the President, make to you. For goodness sake, give Mr. Taft no more law. You have already given him all the law and opinions, if not more than, his administration is able to support."

DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN LITERATURE FACTORIES.

A popular salutation between members of the President's official family promises to be, "Good-morning! Have you been investigated to-day?" So zealous have the official Democratic muck-rakers been in their desire not to let any Cabinet member get by, that some heads of departments are being hauled over the coals repeatedly. Secretary Fisher, new to the Cabinet, had hardly learned the way from his hotel to the Interior Department offices, when, bingo! a Democrat got busy and had him investigated about what he knew regarding the Alaskan situation. Secretary Stimson had his name dragged into a War Department matter almost similarly. The next thing Mr. Stimson heard was that he would be obliged to go on the rack regarding an alleged fee which he had received when he was employed as a special assistant in the Department of Justice. Secretary Meyer appeared weekly before the committee on expenditures in the Navy Department. Secretary Knox was subjected to a third-degree examination in the case of the Secretary Day portrait. Secretary MacVeagh was an early target by the committee on expenditures in the Treasury Department in connection with the allegations of favoritism concerning creosote importations. Secretary Nagle had his troubles with the committee on expenditures in the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was charged that, as a result of negligence of his subordinates, the once vast seal herd of the Pribilof Islands is in danger of extinction. One of the first shots in the direction of Postmaster-General Hitchcock was when the committee on investigation of expenses in the Post-office Department convened. Secretary Wilson had gone unmolested longer than any, but the Dr. Wiley eruption brought Uncle Jimmie to the front. Such an investigation wave has never been heard of in the history of the country. Twenty-four separate inquiries were under way at once. Any Democratic expenditures committee chairman who could not have some trust to try to bust or a Cabinet officer to investigate cursed his luck. One man actually appealed to the correspondents for them to suggest an inquisitorial procedure by which he might jimmy his way into the newspaper headlines so as to appear important and be re-elected by his home constituents. Thousands of dollars of the people's money have been expended in the stirring up. As yet, a careful review of the several investigations fails to justify the activity. We will probably not know exactly what the Democrats have learned until their latest campaign material appears. The manufacture of such literature is really what has inspired the investigations.

A CALL FOR REPRESENTATIVE MOORE.

Friends of Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, are warning him against the mayoralty nomination in Philadelphia. They point to the chief executives of the Quaker City as a political graveyard. It is their argument that few persons who have filled the exacting office have ever gone higher. Mr. Moore has a bright future in Congress. Philadelphia, owing to its numerous manufactories, favors the protection theory. Representative Moore is a strong protectionist. He opposed Canadian reciprocity and is very popular with the home voters. They believe he is the only man who could unite all factions in the next



A HUGE CHIMNEY FELLED LIKE A TREE.

Cutting deeply into the side of a discarded ninety-foot brick smokestack at Cleveland, O., with crowbars and hammers.



The 224-ton stack, "chopped" nearly through, falling and breaking apart. It came down with a great roar and shook the earth for blocks.

campaign. It would be a high honor for so young a man to hold such a responsible position. Nevertheless, those who have been following Representative Moore's political destinies are cautioning him against jeopardizing his future usefulness in Washington.

AN EXACTING CUSTOMER.

Senators of both parties have expressed themselves as distressed beyond expression at what is said to have grown out of an undignified performance of a certain member of that body, whose election came about in an unusual way. According to the story, this half-baked Senator visited a well-known and public Pennsylvania Avenue thirst-quenching establishment. Not satisfied with the way a cafe attendant dispensed liquid refreshments, it is said that he chased him from behind the bar; then, to the great amusement of his friends and the bystanders, the Senator proceeded to mix the drinks himself. There was considerable hilarity, and next day each person who repeated the story had something to add to the details of the supposed hilarious incident. It is these reports which have annoyed the Senators.

What an Englishman Thinks of American Hotels.

(Continued from page 123.)

forth their best. They have invented most and adopted all of the thousand and one devices that make for quick service; their bathrooms are miniature palaces of porcelain, marble, mirrors and nickel-plate. The internal organization of an up-to-date New York hotel is little short of perfection; there is nothing they do not know about serving a course dinner in one's own sitting-room—that supreme test of the comfort and efficiency of a hotel. They have realized that closets and large closets and plenty of closets are the first of all requisites; neither in the bedrooms nor in the sitting-rooms has one ever much complaint to make as to the taste or quality of the fittings and appointments, and the custom, which will undoubtedly spread, of building hotels to consist of nothing but self-contained suites seems to me one of their happiest inventions. In spite of the cooking, there are many worse places in the world than a first-class New York hotel.

Let Reason Have a Chance.

IS THIS true? If it is, let those who are demanding a drastic cut in the wool tariff take warning. The American Woolen Company has been held to constitute the "head and front" of the offending tariff, yet Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, shows that it in no way controls more than fifteen per cent. of the industry of the country, that it does not control prices of woolen products and that it has never sold its products abroad cheaper than at home. The Democratic House has passed the Underwood bill, putting all

wool on an ad valorem basis and making a tariff reduction of more than fifty per cent. Such a measure was to be expected of the Democrats, but the twenty-seven Republicans who helped to swell the majority for the bill labor under the delusion that it would mean a big reduction in the retail price of clothing and all woolen goods. Should the Senate pass the measure, we predict a disillusionment on this point.

The bill was passed as the result of a determination to do something, whether done intelligently or not. When the House was considering amendments, a message was received from President Taft explaining that, because of incomplete data, the tariff board had been unable to give the House any information on the wool schedule, but promising a report by December. For some reason the message was not made public until the bill had been passed. Its announcement probably would not have affected the result, but the House, nevertheless, could not have done more wisely than to wait for the finding of the tariff board. An interesting corollary to the tariff agitation and bad business due to the unsettled tariff is the announcement of the Evansville Woolen Mills, employing several hundred hands, that it would be compelled to go into liquidation. Doubtless we shall have other such examples during the next few months.

Public Highway Advertising Doomed.

ANY ONE in the State of New York may remove or destroy advertisements on public highways. The Ormrod bill, signed by Governor Dix, provides that any one who may place an advertisement "on any stone, tree, fence, stump, pole, mileboard, milestone, danger sign, danger signal, guide sign, guide post, billboard, building or other structure within the limits of a public highway is guilty of a misdemeanor." The far-reaching effect of the measure is found in the further provision that any such advertisement "may be taken down, removed or destroyed by any one." Every citizen should accept the privilege of helping to clear our highways of this abuse. The *Club Journal* suggests the motorist as the one best qualified to do so.

In a way motorists are responsible for the spread of advertising signs through country roads, and it is fitting, therefore, for them to take a leading part in restoring rural highways to their original condition. In Massachusetts, where they have had a similar law for some time, motorists have rendered valuable service of this kind. The only caution is to be sure that the sign destroyed is on a public and not a private road. The Municipal Art Society, in common with several other civic associations, is working on a bill which will impose a tax on all advertising signs, whether on public or private ground. This will admirably supplement the Ormrod measure. The legitimate place for advertising is in printed publications.

Sanitation Follows the Flag.

TROPICAL diseases vanish before the magic of our flag. For the first time in the history of the Philippines, according to Dr. Victor G. Heiser, director of health, births have exceeded deaths. As the result of the war on rats, most of the fatal diseases have been stamped out; vaccination has conquered smallpox, while a supply of pure water from artesian wells has brought various intestinal diseases under control. The Filipinos at first were much prejudiced against water that came from the depths of the earth, fancying it was not fit to drink. So marked has been the change of opinion, however, that it is now impossible for any candidate for the assembly to be elected who does not pledge himself to procure all the artesian wells possible for his district, many of the natives attributing marvelous medicinal and healing powers to the water. The sanitary revolution accomplished by our government in the Philippines is but a repetition of what we have done in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal zone. Other nations have had the opportunity for many years to do the same sort of scientific work, but the United States is the first country to make life in the tropics as safe as in the temperate zones. And we have proven this to be possible in every tropical country where we have had right of way.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLEY'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be enclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, *LESLEY'S WEEKLY*, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

SIMPLY as a matter of business, it is an interesting fact to know that the number of people who take out insurance policies as a means of saving exceeds the total number of those who adopt all the other recognized modes of thrift. In commenting on the fact that the number of life-insurance policyholders in this country exceeds twenty-eight million, *Moody's Magazine* adds that the number does not include the number of certificate-holders in fraternal and assessment associations, old-line or legal reserve life insurance being the only kind of insurance that is worth the serious attention of business men. I want to emphasize this assertion that old-line insurance is the only kind worth the serious attention of business men. If the best business men steer clear of the assessment associations on the ground that they are not conducted in a business way and are found either to raise the rates or go to the wall, why should you or I take out insurance in such concerns? When a man takes out insurance, he wants, first of all, security. This is found only in the well-established, legal reserve companies. Is your policy in such a company?

- R. Huntington, W. Va.: 1. I regard the New England Mutual as first class. 2. I would have nothing to do with the assessment concern.
- V. Chetek, Wis.: Endowment rates are not very different in the strongest companies. Any of them will give you a satisfactory return.
- D. Le Mars, Ia.: The company to which you refer has only been organized three or four years. My preference would be an older company.
- D. Dayton, O.: I do not believe in assessment insurance and you are finding out some of the reasons why. Your experience is like that of many others.
- D. Dayton, O.: If you re-insure elsewhere I think it would be wiser to take out a policy in one of the old established companies.
- G. Fort Worth, Tex.: The American National was established as recently as 1905. It appears to be doing an increasing business, though expenses of management are somewhat generous. My preference would be an older company.
- J. Oglethorpe, Ga.: 1. Three of the most reliable life companies are the Equitable, the Mutual and the New York Life of New York City. 2. The Home Fire of New York City. 3. The Travelers Accident Company of Hartford, Conn., is one of the best.
- W. Jewett City, Conn.: Insurance ought to be sought only in the strongest and best established companies if one desires perfect safety and security. Any of the well-established New York or New England companies will give you better life and accident insurance than the companies you mention.
- H. Indianapolis, Ind.: 1. Address the Postal Life Insurance Co., Postal Life Building, 155 Nassau Street, New York. This company has no agents and therefore offers a lower rate as it does its business by mail. 2. No. 3. The preference for a form of policy depends upon your circumstances and requirements.
- K. Seattle, Wash.: The Northern Life of Seattle, as organized as recently as 1907. An older company would naturally have the preference. 2. The Travelers Life of Hartford will give you a safe and satisfactory accident policy. State your age and occupation and write them for particulars and mention THE HERMIT.
- H. New York: 1. I do not believe that any of the large companies will accept risks that other companies have rejected, except in cases where there has been recovery from a sickness in the natural order of events. 2. The receipt of the company signed by the President is always good. 3. Read your policy and whatever its terms are they must be binding on the insurer and the insured.
- W. Walla Walla, Wash.: 1. There is little difference between the two companies you mention. Neither is among the best and longest established but both offer low rates. 2. Particularizing would probably satisfy you the best. 3. You would find absolute safety in any of the old established companies. Give your age and write to the Travelers of Hartford, Conn., and ask for a sample of their low-cost, straight life policy.

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WEEKLY
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NEW YORK

Good Roads Movement Growing Fast



FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF GOOD ROADS PLANNED.

Chart prepared by the United States Office of Public Roads showing (by black lines) routes of transcontinental, interstate and trunk improved highways contemplated or in course of construction in different sections of the country. Over one million dollars are now being spent daily in various States for public roads improvement. In time it will be possible to drive vehicles from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from Vancouver to Tiguana, Mexico, and from Montreal to Miami, Fla., on roads of the most approved kind.



THE ROAD'S CONDITION A SERIOUS MARKET FACTOR.

The price of cotton recently went up and the growers near Florence, Ala., tried to rush their product to market. Owing to bad roads in his neighborhood, the man on the left could haul but one bale at a time. The man on the right, living on an improved road, hauled four bales.



BAD ROADS PREVENT RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Fifteen mail boxes stand at a cross roads near Scooba, Miss. The farmers owning them have to walk over two miles for their mail because the roads from this point to their homes are impassable. Should the roadway ever be put in proper condition each farmer may have his letter box at his gate.



A TEAM'S EFFICIENCY INCREASED TWELVE-FOLD.

Two horses hauling a dozen bales of cotton where before the road was improved they had hard work to draw a single bale.



A SMALL LOAD STUCK ON A MUDDY ROAD.

Southern teamster having great trouble in taking a single bale of cotton to the city on an unimproved highway.



TEACHING ROAD IMPROVEMENT BY TRAIN.

The Southern Railway co-operates with the United States Office of Public Roads and operates a special train to spread the propaganda of good roads.



EAGER DISCIPLES OF THE GOOD ROADS ADVOCATES.

Large crowd of farmers and others gathered to attend the lectures and practical good roads demonstration aboard the Southern Railway special train.

The Whole Country Awakening to the Need of Better Highways

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BOATING AT NIGHT

is really safe if you wear this 14 candle-power lamp on your cap. It is the most convenient lamp made for Anglers, Hunters and Campers. Fulfills every lighting requirement. Projects a bright white light 150 feet. The

BALDWIN CAMP LAMP

can be worn on cap or belt, leaving both hands free. Burns acetylene gas. 25c. worth of carbide gives fifty hours' light. Smokeless, greaseless and absolutely safe. Every lamp guaranteed. 3 1/2 inches high. Weight 3 ounces.

For sale at leading Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers, or sent prepaid (upon receipt of regular price, \$1.00, by note today, giving your dealer's name, address, and we will mail illustrated booklet FREE.)

JOHN SIMMONS CO.
14 Franklin St., New York

Saving One Thousand Babies' Lives.

(Continued from page 125.)

bath two or three times a day during the hot days. Take your baby as much as possible to the recreation piers and parks. Babies need fresh air. Hundreds of babies are being saved by pure milk stations. There is one in your neighborhood and it is free."

That the efforts in behalf of the babies have not been in vain is best proved in the official announcement issued from the New York board of health, and which reaches my desk just in time to include in this article, that there has been an actual decrease of three hundred and ten in the number of deaths in babies less than one year old, from January 1st to July 15th, as compared with the same period last year. It is not too much to hope, in the opinion of Dr. Lederle, New York's commissioner of health, that the end of the year may show a cut of one thousand deaths under last year's total. The mothers particularly are appealed to and are asked to remember that very many of the diseases of infancy are absolutely preventable. If a mother is unable to pay a physician, a doctor may be obtained at any time for her baby in New York City by telephoning to the department of health.

"I have never seen in the course of my experience a woman who did not want her baby to live, but the amount of ignorance displayed by some mothers is appalling," said Dr. Baker. "After all, the matter of keeping babies well, particularly the babies who are apt to be affected with stomach or intestinal troubles, is comparatively a simple mat-

Lucky Mistake.

GROCER SENT PKG. OF POSTUM AND OPENED THE EYES OF THE FAMILY.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.: "A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake.

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning, I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully.

"It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage.

"My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum.

"Noting the good effects in my family, I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum.

"She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly, she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert.

"Her nerves, which had become shattered by the use of coffee, have grown healthy again, and to-day she is a new woman, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



PROMOTERS OF PUBLICITY AT A NOTABLE FEAST.

Delegates to the recent convention of the Central Division of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America held at Grand Rapids, Mich., enjoying a banquet.

ter. It is just a question of knowing how to clothe the baby, to bathe it, to air it and to feed it—all of which are easily understood. Of course the question of feeding is the most important. If the baby is artificially fed, it should be seen that the milk is cold and clean and should be kept cold and clean after it comes into the house. Many citizens have spent enormous sums of money in order to establish a milk bureau, but their efforts have often been completely nullified after the milk is taken into the home. The point is, is the milk clean and is it cold? No matter if the milk is pasteurized or not."

A movement organized by the division of child hygiene and the Municipal Research toward educating the little mothers as well as the big mothers is one of the greatest factors in this health campaign. In every city in the districts where there are large families, the care of the little ones is delegated in most instances to an older child, sometimes a boy, but generally a girl. The mother herself has very little to do with the extra care of the baby. Undoubtedly this has been one of the greatest causes of child mortality. That these children, many of whom are little more than babies themselves, should know something of the responsibility which their young shoulders are made to bear during the vacation months, the department of child hygiene provided one hundred and sixty doctors, who gave lectures in every public school in New York City to girls over twelve years of age, on how to care for babies. Following the lectures, the doctors organize little mothers' leagues.

During the last few months thirty-one pure milk stations have been established in various districts in New York City. It is a simple matter to teach a woman how to prepare milk for her own child. At every milk station there is a nurse to do this. Under the old system, when the milk was all prepared in little bottles, there were a dozen details which the mother neglected at home. The bottles were put down in a dirty place, the nipple taken off and sometimes cockroaches and similar living insects crept in. The mother thought nothing of this, because she had not been made to understand the importance of cleanliness. The milk committee now makes her understand this, and, through the assistance of a visiting nurse, one to every district, she realizes that the good done at the milk station must not be undone by carelessness at home. The nurses work as far as possible by following up special cases. At each station, at stated times, a doctor calls to prescribe for every baby that comes. Not only does he prescribe the diet necessary for the child, but he sets the mother on the right track if the baby requires special attention from a clinic.

Not every baby that comes to the station undersized and puny is suffering from malnutrition, but, when it is, it is interesting to see the lines in their charts. Every baby that comes has a chart. Along the middle runs a line, indicating the normal weight for a baby under a year. It goes in a long, slanting, upward line. When the babies come in, little dots are put to register their relation to the line, and in practically every case these dots are pitifully away below the normal. A baby that should weigh fifteen pounds often weighs but eight. Then it gets its clutch upon the milk bottle from the station, and, presto! the line goes up so suddenly toward the normal that it is

almost perpendicular. It is startling to see the instant improvement that follows a visit to the milk stations.

Wanted--More Railroads.

(Continued from page 129.)

critics. They have devoted their great abilities to the removal of causes for public dissatisfaction.

To cite a single instance, take methods of adjusting freight claims. I have been allowed to read a letter from the head of one of the great national shippers' associations. After a canvass of his members, he reports that there are practically no freight claims of which they desire to make complaint, and he adds his extreme gratification at the efforts of the railroads to bring about a perfect system of claim handling. Railroadmen have become acquainted with the people. They have learned to deal frankly. Where once they were unknown and distrusted, now they are known and liked and trusted. Business men on their side have met the railways half way. The great drygoods merchant, John Clafin, recently said in a public address:

How can the general growth and the general prosperity be best promoted? I think that the railroads will answer this question satisfactorily if by friendly co-operation we give them the power to go ahead.

John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, declares, "We never enjoy the full tide of prosperity unless the railroads are earning sufficient revenues to insure the investor a fair return." Homer A. Stillwell, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, writes, "The establishing of confidence as to the American railway policy is all important and will go a long way toward the goal to which conservative business of the country—and this is a very large percentage of all the business—should be directed."

An era is here in which the two elements of friendship and confidence, once so far apart, will labor together with what Commissioner Lane refers to as "imagination." Commissioner Prouty may have an answer to his question, and that answer is, No—our national development has not stopped; it has hardly begun. The only requirement is that the investor shall be attracted by the hope of large returns for large risks. A railroad lawyer tells a story which may have some application. One of the other officials of the company has on his car a negro chef who strongly objects to being called a nigger. Some time ago my friend boarded the car. John, the chef, was inside making a salad. The host spoke up so John could hear: "Have you heard John's latest story? John says there was a Southern gentleman staying at a Northern resort with his family. He went to the head waiter and asked, 'Who's the head nigger?' 'Ain't no niggahs round yere, suh. Dey's a number o' cullud gen'men.' 'Well, now, isn't that a shame!' said the guest. 'I have to leave my family here for a few days and I want them taken care of, so I was going to give you fifty dollars to divide among the niggers.' As he turned away, the coon called after him, 'Hi, there, boss, Ah'm de head niggah yere. Ah'm in cha'ge o' all dese niggahs.'" John, in the kitchen: "Hyuh, hyuh, hyuh!" The lawyer: "How about that, John? Who's the head nigger on this car?" John: "Fo' how much, boss?"

When you ask a man with money whether he's a railroad investor, he looks at you and asks, "For how much?"

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
BETWEEN SUNS.

Through the uplands and valleys of Pennsylvania, over the plains of the near west is a pleasant route to travel in the summer-time. Especially on a train of the highest grade over a completely rock-ballasted road-bed. The perfect appointment of the train yields the maximum of enjoyment; the lay of the land insures the minimum of seasonal discomfort.

The "Pennsylvania Special" makes the run mostly in the cool of the evening and at night. This is the ideal time for travel. It is the business man's closed period of the day.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is in the highest respect the Busy Man's train. It runs in his idle hours while business rests, and delivers him when the trade of the day begins.

Economy of time is the pith of an undertaking.

The "Pennsylvania Special," the original 18-hour train, all-steel, perfectly appointed, leaves Pennsylvania Station, one block from Broadway at 32d Street, 4.00 P. M. and arrives Chicago 8.55 next morning. It leaves Union Station, Chicago, 2.45 P. M. and arrives New York 9.40 A. M. next day.

Other fast trains.

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See Them BEFORE Paying!
These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges paid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. White Valley Gem Co., 1179 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD BLATZ

MILWAUKEE
Private Stock
THE FINEST BEER EVER BREWED

The most popular bottled beer in all localities where it is sold.

Ask for a bottle and get the reason.

Order a case for the home.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet. Insist on Blatz. Correspondence invited direct.

Blatz

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

Summer Days with the Players



"THE GIRL OF
An attraction which Joseph M. Gaites, its

MY DREAMS."
producer, calls an atmospheric musical play.



BERT WILLIAMS AND LEON ERROL,
Making merry on the New York Roof.



LEILA McINTYRE AND
JOHN HYAMS,
In "The Girl of My Dreams."



BESSIE WYNN, VACATIONING.
She is a popular vaudeville player.



GEORGE C. TYLER,
Chief of the Liebler Company forces, has his fortune told.



GEORGE C. TYLER, HUGH FORD AND ROBERT HICHENS.
Find that joy riding in a desert is not all joy.

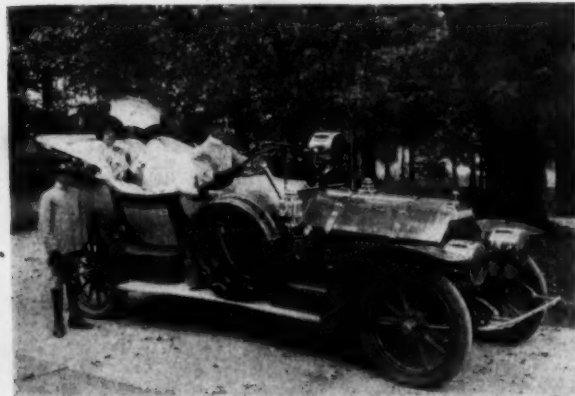
THEATRICAL MANAGERS' SUMMER WANDERINGS.



THE DOLLY TWINS AND VERA MAXWELL,
In Ziegfeld Follies Jardin de Paris, New York Roof.



JANE COWL AND
MRS. DUSTIN FARNUM,
Automobiling in France.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER,
Enjoying the hot days at her summer home in Bienvenida.

Fifty Years Ago This Week

War Scenes from Leslie's Weekly of August 3, 1861

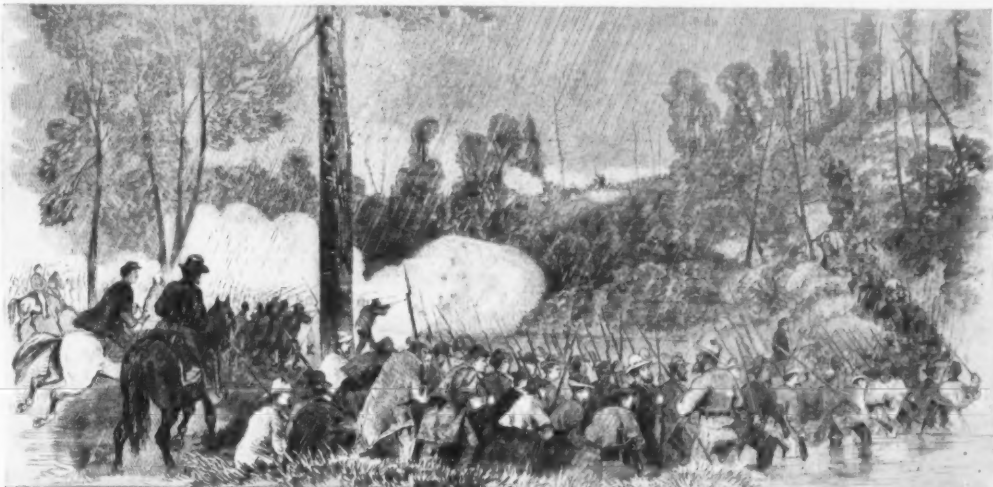
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EDITOR'S NOTE:—A unique feature is presented by Leslie's Weekly in its reproduction of a page of war scenes of fifty years ago. These pictures were drawn by the Leslie's artists who were at the front during the Civil struggle. Leslie's had no competitor in this field at that time and therefore the work it did was of the deepest significance to the nation. We have many complimentary letters from readers, especially those of older years, regarding this interesting weekly feature, and some have called our attention to the inaccuracies that naturally arose from the reporting of incidents during the height of the conflict, each side, of course, shading its statements to meet the partisan views either of the North or the South. For instance, the statement that the loss of the Confederates at Bull's Run was nearly two thousand is erroneous. The Southern losses were about 263 killed and 1,519 wounded. The Confederates, instead of having over ninety thousand men in action and in reserve, numbered about thirty-two thousand. The Union forces numbered about thirty-five thousand. Of the entire armies opposed not over eighteen thousand men on either side were actually engaged. The losses on the Union side were killed, 444 men, 16 officers; wounded, 1,046.



Battle at Bull's Run, on Sunday, July 21, 1861.—Gallant and successful assault of the New York Fire Zouaves on a Confederate battery, which they took at the point of the bayonet.

From a sketch by our special artist.



The war in Western Virginia—battle at Corrick's Ford, between the troops of General McClellan's command, led by General Morris, and the Confederate Army under General Garnett, on Saturday, July 13, 1861.

From a sketch by our special artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command.

The State of the Nation as It Appeared Fifty Years Ago.

From Leslie's Weekly of August 3, 1861.

The terrible and disastrous battle of Bull's Run, Sunday, July 21, has absorbed the attention of the country during the past week. The accounts which have come to us from time to time have by degrees cleared away the extra horrors which surrounded it, and have happily lessened the calamitous results which were at first supposed to have attended it. It is now known that the defeat was only a repulse; that the flight was only a partial panic, and that the troops in advance retreated in good order by command of General McDowell. Our loss is ascertained to be two hundred and eighty killed, seven hundred and twenty-nine wounded, and four hundred and seventy-seven missing, instead of from four to five thousand killed as at first reported. The loss of the Confederates is admitted to be nearly two thousand, among them several high military officers. Their army in action and in reserve numbered over ninety thousand men, led by Davis in person, supported by Beauregard and Johnston, while our force in action was less than twenty thousand. The Confederates

took but few guns and but little of our war material, but they took many prisoners. Notwithstanding their immense force, they were in no condition to pursue the advantage they had gained; had they done so they might have converted a repulse into a disastrous and total defeat. As it is, our army has withdrawn into its lines on the Potomac, and the Confederates have advanced their pickets within two miles of the Federal lines.

Of the future operations of the campaign by the Federal Government nothing is known. Regiments are constantly arriving at Washington, and the force there concentrated will be over one hundred thousand men, bound for three years' service. Major-General McClellan has arrived in Washington, and the presence of this gallant man and thorough soldier has infused the highest spirit into our troops. They feel that he is the man for the emergency, and that with General Scott to plan and McClellan to carry out there will be no fear of repulse or disaster.



The battle at Bull's Run—The gallant Sixty-ninth, N. Y. S. M., assaulting a Confederate battery masked with bushes and carrying it at the point of the bayonet.

From a sketch by our special artist accompanying Major-General McDowell's command.



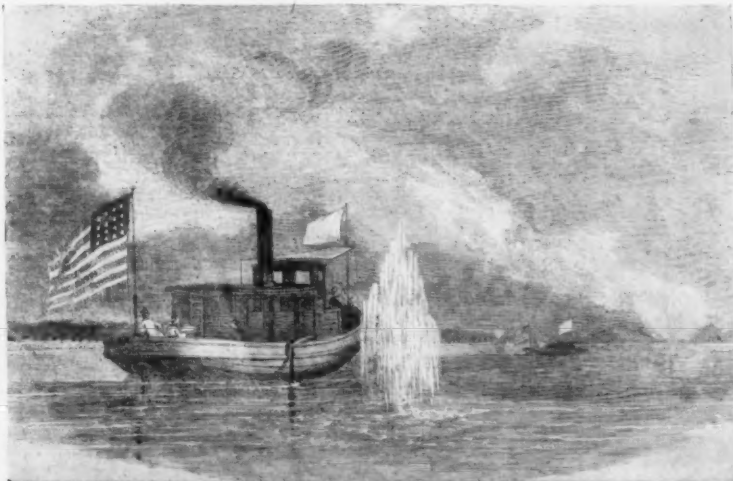
Scouting party of the Ninth Indiana Volunteers, or as they are called, "The Tigers of the Bloody Ninth."

From a sketch by our artist accompanying General McClellan's command.



Battle of Corrick's Ford, Western Virginia—discovery of the body of General Garnett, by Major Gordon and Colonel Dumont, after the battle.

From a sketch by our special artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command.



Firing on the "Adriatic," of Philadelphia, bearing a flag of truce, from the battery on Craney Island, near Norfolk, Va.

From a sketch by our special artist accompanying Major-General Butler's command.



LASTING GREATNESS

The quality of **NAPOLEON FLOUR** is such that the bread, biscuits, pies, cakes and rolls baked therefrom are long remembered for their excellence.

NAPOLEON FLOUR always insures the very best in baking. Buy it today.

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